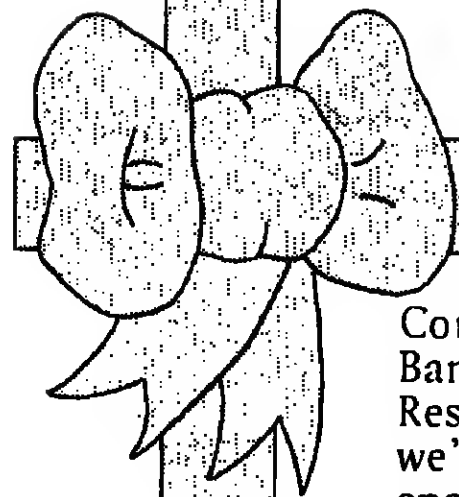


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On the cover. Jews from the Hadramaut, who came to Israel from Aden in 1944-45. Photo courtesy of Yosef Cohen.

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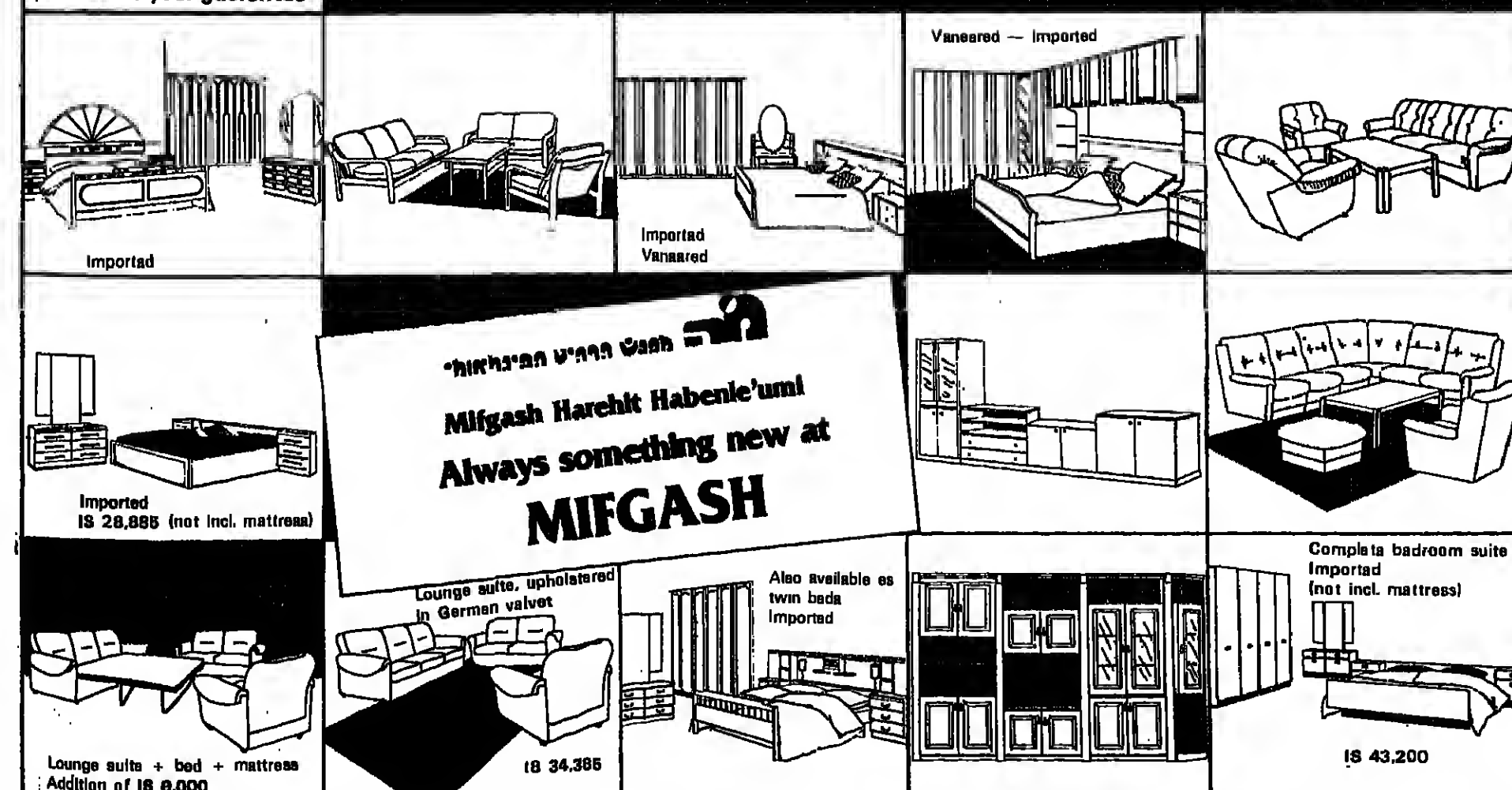
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Is Jordan really Palestine?

The theory that Cisjordan and Transjordan were 'partitioned' in 1921-22 is not correct, writes BERNARD WASSERSTEIN.

A POPULAR MYTH has grown up in recent years which needs to be punctured. This is the notion, to be found in a barrage of newspaper advertisements, propaganda, letters to editors and even in respectable scholarly works to the effect that "Jordan is Palestine."

This theory is based on the idea of a so-called "partition" of Palestine in 1921-22. According to the protagonists of this doctrine, the British government effectively amputated Transjordan from Palestine shortly after the First World War in a "partition" which robbed Palestine of a vast hinterland for potential Jewish or Arab settlement. The installation of the Emir Abdullah as ruler of Transjordan (so the tale generally continues) marked one of the early signs of the spirit of appeasement of Arab nationalism which later became a primary feature of British policy in the area. The chief perpetrators of the amputation are alleged to be the high commissioner in Palestine at the time, Sir Herbert Samuel, and the colonial secretary, Winston Churchill.

Curiously, this is a theory that fulfills useful functions at both ends of the Israeli political spectrum. For the right it serves as an admonitory precedent for the dangers of an imposed partition. It hammers a further nail into the ideological coffin of Chaim Weizmann by reason of his allegedly over-hasty acquiescence in this "partition" — and by extension it may discredit those politicians today who walk in Weizmann's path. It also appears to add weight to the contention of those who argue that Palestinian national aspirations can be fulfilled naturally east of the River Jordan, in a state which was once part of Palestine and which was unilaterally lopped off from Palestine in an act of imperialist territorial butchery.

At the other end of the Israeli political spectrum, the supposed "partition" performs the function of providing a supposed historical basis for the "Jordanian solution" to the Arab-Israeli conflict. The idea here is that the division between the Arab populations east and west of the river is an artificial one which cuts across the natural social, religious and national unity binding together what should really be regarded as a single Palestinian Arab unit, ideally organized in a single state.

In fact, there was no such "partition" of Palestine in 1921-22. Indeed, the best description of what happened is that territory was added on to not lopped off from the Palestine mandate. Rather than a "partition" of Palestine, there was an expansion of the area under British mandatory control. Moreover, the chief exponents and architects of this expansion were the two men who are often described as the surgeons responsible for the amputation — Samuel and Churchill.

LET US briefly review the sequence of events. In the final months of the war, as Allenby's army moved up through Palestine, the British established a military administration



Pictured around map of area are, at top, Churchill and Faisal, with Herbert Samuel and Abdullah below.

which was divided into three parts. OETA (Occupied Enemy Territory Administration) South included the former Turkish *sancaks* of Acre, Nablus, and the independent *sancak* of Jerusalem — altogether an area including most of what is now Israel and the West Bank, from northern Galilee to the northern Negev. OETA South was placed under direct British military administration. OETA North, the former *sancak* of Beirut, was placed under a French military administrator responsible to the ultimate authority of Allenby as commander-in-chief.

OETA East, consisting of the *sancaks* of Damascus and Hauran (the area east of the Jordan River), was placed under the control of the Sherifian Arabs, headed by the Emir Faisal. This Arab administration was nominally responsible, as in the case of the French regime in Beirut, to Allenby's authority. In fact, this supposed British authority was not exercised affectively, and in October 1919 the British withdrew all their military personnel from areas other than OETA South.

In the course of 1919, the question of the future borders in the region was, of course, the subject of intense diplomatic discussion, in the process of which the Zionist Organization presented formal proposals to the Paris Peace Conference. The Zionists pressed for an

eastern border of Palestine along "a line close to and west of the Hejaz railway." This would have meant the inclusion within Palestine of a strip of Transjordan approximately twenty-five miles wide.

The chief exponent of the Zionist proposal was the future high commissioner, Herbert Samuel, at that time working closely with the Zionist Organization. In a letter to the Foreign Office in June 1919, Samuel stressed that "for the maintenance of a population in Palestine numerous enough to support the structure of a modern state the fertile territory east of the Jordan proposed to be included within the boundaries is also essential."

Although there was some British support for Zionist territorial claims east of the Jordan, no formal British commitment on the subject was ever made. The Balfour Declaration of November 1917 had, of course, specified no particular area. And when, in April 1920, the Allied Powers, meeting in conference at San Remo, assigned the mandate for Palestine to Britain, the question of borders was left open. In a telegram to the Foreign Office summarizing the conclusions of the San Remo Conference, on April 26, 1920, Earl Curzon stated: "The boundaries will not be defined in peace treaty but are to be determined at a later date by principal Allied Powers."

In these circumstances, Samuel pressed strongly for British occupation of the entire area up to the Hejaz railway. In a personal and private telegram (marked "very urgent") to Curzon on August 7,

Samuel wrote:

"Forgive my addressing personal message to you and prime minister. Am deeply convinced that we shall be making grave error of policy if we do not now include Transjordan in Palestine. It will certainly result in anarchy of French control across the border. Either would be disastrous and involve larger garrison here and greater expense. I should never advise government to embark on military adventure. This is not such. Will government authorize occupation if there is spontaneous formal and public demand from heads of all tribes and districts concerned?"

Curzon raised the issue in a meeting with French ministers the next day. He protested that the French had summoned sheikhs from as far south as Kerak to go to Damascus. Curzon added that "if that were the case, he must say at once that the British government were bound to protest and they might have to send up their troops into the threatened districts."

Philippe Berthelot responded on behalf of the French that he "was quite certain that there was a mistake." He granted that "local French officials on the spot might have been guilty of a certain amount of excess of zeal," but he assured Curzon that the French intended to adhere to the terms of their wartime agreement with the British which specified that only the northern part of the area (that is, roughly what is today Syria) would be in the French sphere of influence.

Armed with this French assurance, Curzon instructed Samuel that there must be no immediate inclusion of Transjordan in Palestine, and that no more than a few political officers, without military escorts, might be sent to Transjordan to prevent the territory's "relapse into a state of anarchy." When Samuel appeared to the British government in the next few weeks to be going beyond these limited instructions by travelling himself in Transjordan and apparently extending the mantle of British protection over the area, he was reprimanded by Curzon, who cabled to him on August 26:

"His Majesty's Government have no desire to extend their responsibilities in Arab districts and must insist on strict adherence to the very limited assistance which we can offer to a native administration in Transjordan... There must be no question of setting up any British administration in that area and all that may be done at present is to send a maximum of four or five political officers with instructions on the lines laid down."

This amounted to an official repudiation of Samuel's attempt to annex Transjordan by stealth. But the high commissioner remained convinced that the River Jordan was, as he put it to Curzon, a "very bad frontier strategically," and he invited the opportunity to give effect to this view notwithstanding the Foreign Office's initial rebuff.

HIS OPPORTUNITY came a few months later. In late 1920 Faisal's

brother, Abdullah, began moving north from the Hejaz with bands of armed men. Abdullah announced his intention of attacking the French and regaining control of Syria for the Arabs. Meanwhile in London at the end of 1920, control of Palestine policy was shifted from the Foreign Office to the Colonial Office, then headed by Winston Churchill. At the Cairo Conference of British officials and others concerned with Middle East affairs in March 1921, Churchill, as he liked to put it later, installed two kings on their thrones — Faisal on the throne of Iraq, Abdullah on that of Transjordan.

The Transjordan arrangement, however, had certain strings attached. First Abdullah (who was to be "emir" rather than "king") was given clearly to understand that he must abjure any attack on the French to his north which might embroil the British in undesired conflict with their erstwhile allies. Secondly, Transjordan was to be formally included within the area of the League of Nations mandate for Palestine, but with a separate administration subject to the overall supervision of the high commissioner. Thirdly, the clauses of the mandate which gave effect to the establishment of the Jewish national home in Palestine were to apply, as hitherto, only to the area west of the River Jordan. A series of formal enactments in the course of the next two years gave effect to this arrangement.

Samuel's objective had thus, with Churchill's support, been largely accomplished. What had happened was less a "partition" than an annexation. The area of the Palestine mandate had been greatly enlarged to include the area east of the River Jordan, up to the border with Iraq.

IN RETROSPECT, it is possible to see how the myth of "partition" arose. The exclusion of Transjordan from the area of the Jewish national home, although reluctantly accepted by the Zionist Executive at the time, was a bitter pill for the Zionists who continued to seek ways and means of establishing Jewish settlements in Transjordan. Abdullah, who had little compunction about accepting Zionist *pauboxes*, did not present a major obstacle to Zionist land purchase or settlement in his domain.

The real barrier was the British insistence that Transjordan, although part of the mandate, must not be part of the Jewish National Home.

To the Zionists, the expansion of the Palestine mandate to include Transjordan was therefore worse than useless. Worse because it seemed to dangle a forbidden fruit tantalizingly before them. A natural response was to rewrite history in such a way as to suggest that the fruit was really theirs, and had been snatched away by an arbitrary division of the orchard.

The nature of the current debate renders all this of more than merely antiquarian interest. The notion that Churchill and Samuel perpetrated a "partition" of Palestine in 1921-22 is not only bad history; the current mobilization of this myth for political ends may be one more minor obstacle in the way of the Israeli-Jordanian agreement which, following the Egyptian and Lebanese pacts, must surely become the central objective of Israeli foreign policy.

Bernard Wasserstein, Professor of History at Brandeis University is the author of *The British in Palestine and Britain and the Jews of Europe, 1939-1945*.

THIS WEEK'S EVENTS THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM 27 SHAUL HAMELECH BLVD. TEL. 257361 June 18-23

EXPRESSIONISTS — BUCHHEIM COLLECTION

The exhibition was made possible by a grant from the Federal Republic of Germany. The catalogue was published with the generous assistance of Bank Leumi. The exhibition includes 464 works: oils, watercolours, drawings and prints by 32 of the major German expressionists, presenting the artistic stream which originated at the beginning of the twentieth century. Among the artists: Ernst Heckel, Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Otto Mueller, Emil Nolde, Max Pechstein, Karl Schmidt-Rottluff, Max Beckmann, Otto Dix, Oskar Kokoschka and others.

GALLERY TALKS IN ENGLISH AT THE EXHIBITION "EXPRESSIONISTS — BUCHHEIM COLLECTION." Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays — at 10.00 a.m.; Mondays, Wednesdays — at 2.30 p.m.

LECTURE (in Hebrew)

EXPRESSIONIST ELEMENTS IN THE GERMAN CINEMA OF THE 1920s, by Dr. Michal Freedman, Cinema Department, Tel Aviv University. Excerpt from the film "The History of the Classical German Cinema" (Germany, 1970, 125 mm, black and white, in German), relating to the years 1919-1929. In cooperation with the Goethe Institute, Tel Aviv. Thursday, 23.6. at 8.30 p.m.

EXHIBITIONS

A. R. PENCK — EXPECTION TO THE HOLY LAND, A Graphic Portfolio
HELMAR LERSKY: PHOTOGRAPHS 1910-1947
GABI KLASMER, OAVIO REEB — LANDSCAPES 1983 (See Helena Rubinstein Pavilion)

COLLECTIONS

IMPRESSIONISM AND POST-IMPRESSIONISM, TWENTIETH CENTURY ART
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11 SCULPTURES AND TRIPTYCH — IGAL TUMARKIN
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THE ISRAELI SINFONETTA, CONDUCTOR AND SOLOIST: JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL (FRANCE) A Mozart Evening, Saturday, 18.6. at 8.30 p.m.
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NEW DIMENSIONS IN MUSIC. The concert scheduled for Sunday, 19.6. is cancelled.

PIANO RECITAL — LIVIA REV (FRANCE). Programme: Works by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Paganini-Liszt. Tuesday, 21.6. at 8.30 p.m.

ZOA HOUSE in cooperation with **ASJ**
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SPECIAL EVENT
HANGING ON THE IRON CROSS — 'A GERMAN LESSON' (in Hebrew), reading of poetry by Gunter Grass, Paul Celan and others. In cooperation with the Goethe Institute, Tel Aviv. Wednesday, 22.6. at 9.00 p.m.

FDR THE GOLDEN AGE
MONDAY, 20.6. — at 10.30 a.m. Gallery Talk (in Hebrew) at the Expressionists exhibition, at 11.00 a.m. "Six Dances Alone" (Austria 1980, 90 min.) English with Hebrew and French subtitles. Robert Dornheim's film on the legendary Nijinsky.

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EXHIBITION
GABI KLASMER, OAVIO REEB — LANDSCAPES 1983
The exhibition will close on Saturday, 25.6.
Gabi Klasmer exhibits canvases and works on paper done in bright Supracolor colours. Semi-fantastic landscapes containing details of local routines. David Reeb exhibits Israeli landscapes in black and white. These works contain personal impressions, the fruit of the artist's renewed encounter with Israel following a two-year stay in New York. The exhibition is sponsored by the Jacques O'Hara Fund.

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THE LATE afternoon sun sending its beams straight down Mea She'arim Street washed the scene like a warm memory — thousands of black-clad figures hurrying past with jaunty step and disappearing in the golden haze. For a moment, squinting up the narrow, winding street at the crowds of Hassidim on their way to greet the Satmar Rebbe last week, one was in the Universal Shetl vibrant with life before the great darkness blotted it out. This Shalom Aleichem image gave way in the Shabbos Squire rally under the human press and political polemics, but the sense of vibrancy would remain.

The white-headed man with the expressionless face at the centre of the adulation was lacking in any visible charisma and his high-pitched voice carried no detectable urgency when he addressed the crowd in Yiddish. His credentials as a scholar were trifling compared with those of his predecessor and the aura of other-worldliness demanded by his post was strained by reputation as a shrewd player of the stock market. He was said to have had a telelink to Wall Street in his Brooklyn basement until he became rebbe three years ago. (Not so, said a Satmar Hassid this week, and even if it were, so what?)

Nevertheless these very elements reinforced the sense that the Satmar's reception — whose fervor was unlike anything Jerusalem has seen since the arrival of Anwar Sadat — was based not on anachronistic quirk or hypnotic personality but on realities as solid as those sustaining superpowers — economic clout and the basic human need for an intermediary between the individual and the infinite.

The Satmar had come with a reported \$5 million to distribute to the faithful, whose economic dependence on him could be read between the lines of the banners strung across Mea She'arim's streets by a score of institutions hailing his coming in terms of adoration that would have flattered an Eastern potentate.

The jostling of the large crowd competing for a glimpse of the rebbe indicated that forces other than economics were also at play. A quasi-miraculous atmosphere pervades a rebbe's territory, especially that of a major rebbe. He is presented by his followers — and by outsiders as well — with *kvitlach*, or written petitions, asking for his guidance and prayers on the presumption that his holiness gives special weight to his intervention. The Satmar's presence in Shabbat Square quickened this sense of a divine channel close at hand.

HE IS a channel for the largest hassidic court in the world — estimates range from 150,000 to 250,000 followers — and the wealthiest. The rebbe himself, although residing in New York City, is also the spiritual leader of the entire anti-Zionist camp within Israel's *haredi* community, not just his own. His current visit — his first as rebbe — is therefore a mix of hassidic folklore and confrontational politics.

It was the previous rebbe, Rabbi Joel Teitelbaum, who died in 1979, who created the Satmar empire. There are some in Jerusalem who still remember his first visit to the city between the two world wars, when he was a small-town rabbi in Hungary with a reputation already established for brilliance. In 1928 he settled in Satmar, in Transylvania, where a hassidic court developed around him. In World War II, 12,000

Hassidic connections

The Post's ABRAHAM RABINOVICH goes behind the current visit of the Satmar Rebbe to explore the delicate relationships between the *haredi* communities in Jerusalem and New York.



The Satmar Rebbe, is greeted by followers in Jerusalem this week. (Harris)

Jews of Satmar were transported to concentration camps; but their rebbe was rescued from Bergen-Belsen in 1944 in one of the trains organized by Rudolph Kastner through whom the Germans were attempting to negotiate a "blood for goods" exchange with the West.

Bereft of his hassidim, the rebbe settled in Jerusalem's Kiryat Moshe quarter.

"It was difficult for him economically," recalls a veteran member of the city's ultra-Orthodox community. "On one occasion, he summoned some of us who were working in diamonds, and suggested an Issachar-Zevulun arrangement." (According to tradition, the latter would support the former, who studied.) "But it didn't work. We were anti-Zionist and we were already leaning towards the Zionists. Some of us went to the Hagana and a lot to Etzel."

"Reb Yoelish," as he was known, had already clashed with Zionists in Hungary. He saw a man-made Jewish state as a violation of the precepts to which the Talmud says God swore the Jewish people when he sent them into exile — not to attempt to return by force to the Holy Land as sovereign before the coming of the Messiah and not to rebel against "the nations of the world."

In 1947, with the Zionist state-in-the-making already on the horizon, he left the Holy Land for the Williamsburg quarter of Brooklyn. His remarkable personality, both saintly and forceful, and his scholarly reputation soon won him a large following in New York. He gathered around him many members of other Hungarian hassidic houses that had been destroyed in Europe with their leaders.

Teitelbaum published writings denouncing the Jewish state as heretical and in 1953 was invited by Jerusalem's anti-Zionist Eda Haredit to serve as its mbi, even though he remained in Williamsburg, visiting his constituency in Israel every few years.

The Eda Haredit had been established in 1918, following the arrival of the British to counter the official rabbinate being organized in

been established and where the present rebbe visits twice a year.

The new rebbe had expected to inherit his uncle's role as rabbi of Israel's Eda Haredit but the Eda did not believe that his lesser scholarly stature merited that position. It chose instead Rabbi Yehuda Yitzhak Weiss, the venerable head of its *beit-din* and a widely respected scholar.

However, the Eda could not spurn the Satmar entirely. If precedent were not enough to earn him a place of honour, his economic power certainly was. After lengthy negotiations, the new rebbe agreed to be crowned *nasi*, or president, of the Eda. As such, he sets the political tone, while Rabbi Weiss makes the halachic rulings. The two men are in frequent telephone contact, according to the Eda's secretary, Rabbi Joseph Shenberger, who is himself a major figure in internal Eda politics.

THE Eda in Jerusalem numbers between 4,000 and 5,000 adult men and women, according to Dr. Menahem Friedman of Bar-Ilan University, an expert on the *haredi* community. This would put them in a distinct minority to Agudat Yisrael, which mustered 17,000 votes in the capital, in the last Knesset elections. (The Eda prohibits voting.) An Aguda official likewise estimates the Eda strength at 1,500-2,000 families.

However, Rabbi Shenberger said in an interview this week that the Eda had 7,000 dues-paying families in Jerusalem and many non-dues-paying followers. It is clear that many Aguda members make use of Eda facilities, such as its court and kashrut certification, because of confidence in its halachic rulings. In addition, the Eda can mobilize many in the broader *haredi* community on specific public issues, such as the fight against a municipal sports stadium.

Money for some 60 schools and other institutions in Israel that do not accept state funds is channelled through it "Rescue Fund" in New York headed by the Satmar Rebbe. Joining in this effort are other rabbis and hassidic rebbees, mostly of Hungarian origin, now resident in the U.S. Much of the money is raised in synagogue appeals and is sent to Israel twice a year.

Eda officials, admit that the money received is not enough and that it is difficult to prevent defections. "Four years ago, violence broke out within the *haredi* community because of such defections."

Eda officials, admit that the money received is not enough and that it is difficult to prevent defections. "Four years ago, violence broke out within the *haredi* community because of such defections."

PART OF THE rebbe's present mission is to strengthen the determination of his troops. During his two-week stay, he will be visiting the institutions he has been supporting. He has also been paying and receiving courtesy calls according to an etiquette as exquisitely wrought as any royal protocol.

With a truly princely view that acknowledges another royal presence even across a field of a battle, he called on the Gerrer Rebbe, who is a leading figure in the Council of Sages guiding Agudat Yisrael. The visit lasted only a few minutes and was followed by an even shorter return visit by the Gerrer. Despite the apparent tension, the latter, as a matter of courtesy, asked for *sherayim* — a portion of some food from which his host has already partaken. The Satmar, according to someone present, bit into an apple after making the appropriate blessing and then handed it to the Gerrer, who repeated the exorcise.

One powerful Jerusalem rebbe whom the Satmar did not contact was the Belzer, whose departure from the Eda camp a few years ago with his numerous followers was a staggering blow for Jerusalem's anti-Zionist *haredi* community. The fact that the Satmar's son is a brother-in-law of the Belzer by virtue of their both having married daughters of the Viznitzer Rebbe had no influence on affairs of state.

In arranging the first formal meeting between the new Satmar and Rabbi Weiss, the protocol was fine-tuned because of the delicacy of the question of their respective status. To avoid having to decide who should be first to call on the other, it was arranged to have Rabbi Weiss "vacationing" in the Jerusalem suburb of Tel-Aviv-Be'er Sheva at someone else's home. The rebbe on his way from the airport, duly stopped off to drink a toast and the rabbi joined him for the ride into the city.

THE ATTACK in New York by Satmar hassidim on a Habad Hassid whose heard they cut off shortly before the rebbe's trip led to fears of violence against the Satmar camp during the rebbe's visit. However, the rebbe had been quick to condemn the violence, which he termed a family affair unconnected with the Satmar court. Habad and Belzer officials have said they have no intention of disturbing the visit.

This far, it has apparently been a considerable success for the Satmar. His reception was impressive and he has exercised his new leadership with some decisiveness. A day after his arrival, he visited the disputed site of the City of David archaeological dig, where he declared his support for the *haredi* demonstrations against the excavations and publicly gave his blessing to any decisions made by the *haredi* expert on the matter, Rabbi David Shindil.

When it became known just before he was to leave the cornerstones of a Satmar housing development that the land, for which his court had paid \$3m., contained at least one ancient Jewish tomb and possibly more, he summoned experts to determine the facts and recommend whether an alternative site would have to be acquired.

In a public address at the ceremony, he dismissed Aguda's efforts to have the Knesset adopt the *halachic* interpretation of who is a Jew — which the Gerrer had alluded to in their brief encounter — as something that would leave unchanged the heretical nature of the country. The rebbe's major political address is yet to come, sometime before his departure next Thursday.

Even if he does shore up his forces, it seems unlikely that the Eda will do more than hold its own on the fringe of Israeli life, where it is small and unthreatening enough to be regarded by and large with tolerance.

In fact, most observers see the Eda's strength inevitably declining under economic pressures. "The Aguda schools are drawing off students from Eda schools because they can afford better teachers," says one informed observer. Nevertheless, a sizeable hard core of true believers will continue to await the coming of the Messiah in a self-imposed diaspora in the heart of Israel. It is easier to see the Arab world eventually recognizing Israel, and perhaps even acknowledging part of Jerusalem as its capital, than to imagine the Mea She'arim-Williamsburg alliance signing a peace agreement with the Jewish state. □

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

APPLES OF GOLD — Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zion movement to the present. (Laromne Hotel, Sunday at 9 p.m., King David Hotel, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English by Jeremy Hyman, Dawn Nadel, Isaac Weinstein, directed by Michael Schneider. (Hilton, tonight at 9:30 p.m., King David, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m.)

DRUNK WITH JOY — Yossi Banni in his new programme of song, satire and comedy. (Jerusalem Theatre, Tuesday)

GOLDEN GUITAR — Avner Strauss plays classical, jazz and flamenco pieces. (Zorba the Buddha, 9 Yot Sulam, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m., Wed. at 8 p.m.) Hani Buli plays classical, jazz and Israeli music. (Zorba the Buddha, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

ISRAELI FOLKLORE — Taste of Israel dances, Pa'zani Talman folkdancers. (International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Eneik Refaim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — Fred Weigall, piano, Eric Heller, bass, Saul Chabon, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nablus Road, Thurs. at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — Aharon Kaminsky, drums, Roman Kozman, saxophone and flute, Emile Rami, bass, Rik Birman, piano. (Pargod, 94 Bezalet, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

JAZZ PLUS ONE — (Pargod, today at 1:30 p.m.)

JERUSALEM STUDENTS BAND — Israeli and Jewish folklore. (Liberty Bell Garden, Monday)

JEWISH AND ARAB FOLKLORE — Traditional folkdances, folk singers, Khalifa dancers. (YMCA, Monday at 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAYE AIALKA — (Israel Centre, 10 Shalom, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

REUYEN HARRIS — Freddie and sundolls, classical and folk music. (Zorba the Buddha, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

TOFA'AI — Jewish folk music, performed by women, and for women only. (Pargod, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ARIEL ZILBER — (Moudon Shabul, Orenburg Centre, tonight at midnight)

ARIK LAVIE — (Petah Tikvah, Mofet, tonight at 9:30)

ARIK SINAI — (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, tonight at 9:30 and midnight)

FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH

Jerusalem

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO — Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday and Wednesday at 2 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

CLOUDS OF EDEN — Lilith Theatre production. (Beit Lessin, 34 Weizmann, tomorrow at 4:30 p.m.)

THE LAUGHING MONSTER — Experimental Theatre for ages 5-10. (Beit Ariela, 25 Shaul Hamelech, Thursday at 4 p.m.)

MEN & INSTRUMENTS — Jazz for the whole family. (Beit Lessin, tomorrow at 6 p.m.)

A THOUSAND FACES — Pantomime with

ATLANTIA PAMEL

— (Moudon Shabul, tomorrow at midnight)

CATS IN THE MORNING — Revital and Nathan Solomon and Shmuel Levy in a programme of songs, music and surprises. (Tzavta, today at 3)

COUNTRY & ROCK — With Larry. (Moudon Shabul, Monday at midnight)

DANNY LITANI — (Beit Lessin, 34 Weizmann, tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

DRUNK WITH JOY — (Giv'atayim, Shavit, tonight at 10)

HANGING ON THE IRON CROSS — A journey into the new post-war German culture. Poetry presented by Shmuel Alzerman. Music by Arik Shapira. (Tel Aviv Museum, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ-ROCK — Ilan Mocheluch, Norbert Goldberg, Haim Kahan, and others. (Moudon Shabul, Thursday at midnight)

JAZZ — Haim Kahan, guitar, Norbert Goldberg, drums, Yossi Fine, bass guitar. (Beit Lessin, Sunday at 9:30 p.m.)

LOST BATTLE — Zehra Omri sings songs of David Avram. (Beit Lessin, Monday at 10 p.m.)

MATTI CASPI — (Tzavta, tomorrow at 8:30 and 10:45 p.m.)

ONE-TIME ACT — Shlomo Bar Aba, Odi Giv, Shlomo Yehia, Aloni Moshonov, Yoni Rechter, (Beit Lehavot, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

PANTOMIME — Hana Ruscene. (Beit Lessin, Tzavta, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

PROTEST SONGS — Gidon Kefen. (Moudon Shabul, Wednesday at midnight)

SONGS OF ISRAEL — With Osnat Vismilki. (Moudon Shabul, Tuesday at midnight)

TUNING SHOW — Presented by Barry Longford. Evening of international entertainment and interviews. Special guest: Leonard Greer. (Hilton, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

VITZIAK KLEPTER — (Beit Lessin, tonight at midnight)

Haifa

PANTOMIME — (Beit Abba Khushy, tonight at 10)

Other towns

APPLES OF GOLD — (Elit, Moriah Hotel, Thursday at 9:30 p.m.)

ONE-TIME ACT — (Kiryat Haim, Beit Nigler, tonight at 10)



Bernard Graubaux and Valeria d'Onici are the two leads in Ettore Scola's 'Passione d'Amore.' Review, page K.

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

ACTORS VS. AUDIENCE — By Peter Hunka. Directed by Tami Lederer. (Pargod, 94 Bezalet, Tuesday at 9:30 p.m.)

AINES OF GOD — By John Pimeler. With David Asher, (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Monday at 9 p.m.)

ANABOLIS — By Peter Sheffer. Camer Theatre production. (Jerusalem Theatre, Wednesday and Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

GIMPLE TAM — Khan Theatre production. Musical comedy based on the story by I. Rabinovitch. (Hilton, Monday at 9 p.m.)

MONUMENT REVERSEU — By Joseph Mundy. Yehudi theatre production. (Khan, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m.)

THE SUITCASE PACKERS — A light comedy by Hana Ruscene. A Camer Theatre production. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow and Sunday)

Tel Aviv area

AGNES OF GOD — (Wahl Amphitheatre, Yarkon Park, Tuesday and Thursday)

BED KITCHEN, BED KITCHEN — Comedy for one actress with Uta Doron. Written by David I. and Imma Rame, directed by Ilan Dini and translated by Adin Ben Nachum. (Bar Yon, Beit Lehavot, Monday)

MONUMENT REVERSEU — (Beit Lessin, Monday at 9 p.m.)

THE SUITCASE PACKERS — (Camer,

BORERLINE CASE — By Ruth Hazan. Music by Alex Kagan. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m.)

DIRTY HANDS — By Sarit. Huhmish production. (Huhmish, Large Hall, tomorrow, Sunday and Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

DRUMS IN THE NIGHT — By Brecht. Huhmish Theatre production. (Huhmish, Wednesday and Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

GOOD — By C.P. Taylor. Camer production directed by Ilan Rosen. (Camer, tomorrow and Sunday at 8:30 p.m.)

THE GROCER'S SHOP — By Hillel Mithelpunkt. Huhmish production. (Huhmish, Small Hall, tomorrow)

THE ISRAELI EXPERIENCE — Based on stories by Y. Reuveni. Directed by Gidalia Borer. (Huhmish, Mofet, tonight at 10; Beit Lessin, 14 Weizmann, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

THE IVAR CONNECTION — By Yonatan Harel. Directed by Haim Weingarten. (Beit Lessin, tonight at 9:30 and 11; tomorrow and Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

A JEWISH SOUL — By Yehoshua Sobol. Huhmish Theatre production. (Huhmish, Small Hall, Sunday through Thursday)

LATE OVERDOSE — By A.B. Yehoshua. Yehudi Theatre production. (Yehudi Theatre, 6 Yehudi, tonight at 9 p.m.)

MONUMENT REVERSEU — (Beit Lessin, Monday at 9 p.m.)

THE SUITCASE PACKERS — (Camer,

Monday at 7:30 and 9:30 p.m.; Tuesday and Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

YOSIE EGEL — By L.J. Singer. (Huhmish production. (Huhmish, Large Hall, Wednesday and Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

Halfa — By Martin Sherman. Halfa Theatre production. (Halfa Theatre, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

CATS IN THE HAT — Comedy produced by the Halfa Theatre. (Halfa, Thursday at 10:30 p.m.)

GIMPLE TAM — (Municipal Theatre, Huhmish production. (Huhmish, Monday and Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

LODD — (Municipal Theatre, Monday and Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

Other towns

AINES OF GOD — (Ruh, Wif, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

THE ASSISTANT — (Huhmish, Kibbutz Buzam, Monday at 9 p.m.)

BED KITCHEN, BED KITCHEN — (Eim Hahshet, tonight; Parles Huhmish, tomorrow)

THE ISRAELI EXPERIENCE — Rehovot, Beit Haim, tomorrow at Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

THE IVAR CONNECTION — (Kfar Menahem, Wednesday)

TROJAN WOMEN — Huhmish production. (Kfar Savi, Sunday through Wednesday)

MUSIC

Jerusalem

JEAN-PIERRE RANPAL — Flute recital, with Ruth Menze, piano. Teleman: Sonata in E Minor for flute and piano; J.S. Bach: Partita in A Minor for flute; Beethoven: Serenade in D Major, op. 41; Poulenc: Sonata for flute and piano; Enescu: L'Amable and Presto; Baroque: Hungarian Peasant Suite. (Jerusalem Theatre, today at 8 p.m.)

LLIUSERIS — Idi Bar-Moshe, flute, Karn Dring, guitar. Works by Handel, Giuliani and Villa Lobos. (Tzavta, 30 King George, tomorrow at 11:11 a.m.)

JERUSALEM RECORDER ENSEMBLE — Renaissance, Baroque and 20th century music. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

ORGAN CONCERT — Elisabeth von der Dacken plays works by Buttahude, Bach, Reger and Franck. (Dormition Abbey, tomorrow at 8 p.m.)

CELLO AND PIANO RECITAL — By Udi Weisel and Armin Weisel play works by Bach, Brahms and Mendelssohn. (YMCA, Sunday)

ITALIAN VOCAL MUSIC — Presented by the Israel Sinfonietta, Mendel Roden, director. Works by Rossini, Carissimi, Monteverdi, Vivaldi and Handel. (Israel Museum, Sunday)

VIOLIN AND PIANO RECITAL — Yigal Tanch and Yonathan Zak play Mozart: Sonata in B flat Major, K.454; Mendelssohn: Sonata in A Major, op. 2; Beethoven: Sonata in C Minor, op. 10, No. 3; Liszt: Sonata in E Minor, op. 10, No. 3. (Jerusalem Theatre, today at 8 p.m.)

KIBDUTZ CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Gidon Levinson, conductor. Works by Prokofiev, Stravinsky, Overak and Beethoven. (Behr Centre, 11 Bezalet, Tuesday)

ISRAELI PULLIARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Zuhli Mehta, conductor, Jerome Lowenthal, piano, Rodic Isab, Anna Romenov, Eva Strauss and Pava Yassin, violins. Vivaldi: Concerto for 4 violins; Schumann: Piano Concerto; Shostakovich: Symphony no. 1. (Binyamin Huhmish, Wednesday)

JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — Gary Bertini, conductor. Ida Handel, violin. Beethoven: Violin Concerto in D Major; Symphony no. 5. (Sultan's Pool, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

ROMANTIC CHAMBER MUSIC — Rami Kaminetsky, violin, Nina Hyer, cello, Alan Sierfeld, piano. Trios by Mendelssohn and Schubert. (Redeemer's Church, Old City, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

HOLON CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Uzi Jaffe, conductor, Ora Rotem, piano. Works by Haydn, Mozart and others. (Holon, Yehudi Levanon, tomorrow)

ISRAELI SINFONETTA — Jean Pierre Ranpaul, conductor and soloist. Mozart: Symphony no. 31 in D Major, K.297; 1st Concerto no. 1 in G Major, K.213; Andante and Rondo for flute and orchestra in C Major; Symphony no. 39 in E flat Major, K.543. (Tel Aviv Museum, tomorrow)

(Continued on page C)

JERUSALEM Cinemas

CINEMA 1 ON/O in Jerusalem Cinema

Buses 18, 19, 24, Tel. 418067
Fri. June 17 — Double Feature
Hamnada Ave. Forever 2.30
Roller Ball 4.15
Sat. June 18:
Victor Viciaria 7.30, 9.30
Sun. June 19:
Diamonds Are Forever 7
Roller Ball 9
Mon. June 20:
Victor Viciaria 7
New York, New York 9.15
Tue. June 21:
Grease 1.7
New York, New York 9
Wed. June 22: Victor Viciaria 7, 9
Thurs. June 23:
Last Tango in Paris 6.45, 9.15

EDEN EMMANUELLE

Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

EDISON RAIDERS OF THE LOST MINE

Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

HABIRAH THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY

Sat. 9 only
Weekdays 4, 8

ISRAEL MUSEUM INCREDIBLE JOURNEY

Tue. 8, 8.30
Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. 3.30

KFIR DONA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS

Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

MITCHELL WICKED LADY

Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9



Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

SOPHIE'S CHOICE

Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

TOOTSIE

Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

WHO CARES ABOUT THE COMMANDING OFFICER

Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

RAIDERS OF THE LOST MINE

Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY

Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ORIGIL LA BOUM II

Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

TOOTSIE

Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

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TOOTSIE

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TEL AVIV Cinemas

Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

TOOTSIE

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CHEN CINEMA CENTRE

Sat. 7.30, 9.30
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PARIS PASSIONE D'AMORE

Sat. 7.30, 9.30
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Picking winners

JACHSON'S first foreign acquisition was *Maria Braun*, albeit her film won director Werner Herzog a Golden Bear at Berlin, importing one of the first German-language features ever screened. It really was a risk, but Nizhona's intuition about the Israeli public's taste in cinema was to prove ac-

German Sisters, also by von Tratta and originally scheduled for release when the Lebanon war broke out, will premiere soon.

On the local scene, Nizhona's first lunch also proved good. After many distributors turned down *Now at 17*, she agreed to release the low budget film which deals with the ideological split in the kibbutz movement in the '50s. Her public

Ephraim, whose Gilad Film Company will this year distribute many

HOLLYWOOD'S Lannie Blacett, whose appearance and style are reminiscent of those early unforgettable American blues

The temptation was great, says Liu, founder of the Israel Film Archive and the Cinematheque, because the pass given to all members of the jury allowed them to sit at all screenings. She only saw one extra film each day, however.

Liu was asked to serve on the jury by Festival president Favre Le Breton who met her during his recent trip to Israel, and was impressed by the archive she has built up, almost single-handedly, over the past 26 years.

Yet the most impressive feature is the music. Paul Dessau, who had worked already with Brecht, wrote the original music, which Brecht scholars have often criticized. Dabhi Zeltzer's music, which accompanies the play throughout, effectively establishes the atmosphere, tempo and changing moods. Its Western

Brecht's alienation technique is used to the full. The continuous disruption of the plot by the narrator-singer, the switching of scenes, the stylized movements, and the group scenes choreographed by Eva Winkler-Taub, the alternation

The only drawback is a certain sentimentality — always a pitfall in Brecht plays. For instance, she accepts her admirer's very formal marriage proposal, promises to wait for him — he is going off to the war — and he thanks her stiltedly. Then they both bow formally. Brecht

Avner Hiskinyahu looks as if he were born for the part. This is both a compliment and a criticism. We are for him from the moment he comes on stage. His versatility, his easy yet dominating presence, his amusing intonation and gestures give great pleasure. On the other hand this is the Avner Hiskiyahu we have known for so long, with all his characteristic mannerisms and little tricks. It's as if Azdak were playing Avner.

HOLLYWOOD'S Lannie Blacett, whose appearance and style are reminiscent of those early unforgettable American blues

who met her during his recent trip to Israel and was impressed by the archive she has built up, almost single-handedly, over the past 26 years.

More I

THEATRE / Uri Rapp

humanism, philosophy, his subversive cynicism, are fused in this almost perfect work of art.

The story is the well-known one of a dispute between the biological mother and a fostermother over a child. The context is the revolutionary upheavals in feudal Georgia, or Grasinia, in the Caucasus. The performance is mounted as a play within a play by a *kolkhoz* in 1945 to make the point that the soil should belong to those who best care for it.

THE CAMERI has made an impressive spectacle out of Brecht's play — three and a half hours if you include the ovals; almost thirty actors and six musicians; beautiful period costumes and interesting sets by Ruth Dar.

Yet the most impressive feature is the music. Paul Dessau, who had worked already with Brecht, wrote the original music, which Brecht scholars have often criticized. Dabhi Zeltzer's music, which accompanies the play throughout, effectively establishes the atmosphere, tempo and changing moods. Its Western

Brecht

base is infused with Slavic and Oriental strains; it haunts, threatens, amuses, rises and falls with the action.

The Caucasian Chalk Circle is really two plays. The first part gives as the usual Brechtian world in which good people are the losers.

The second part is a kind of intellectual experiment: what would happen if justice were administered by a man of the people? What if the social order were stood on its head? Brecht created for *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* two of the most complex and fascinating characters in world drama: Grusha, and the no-good Azdık who becomes a judge against his will.

YOHAN TAUB, a new immigrant from Rumania with much experience as a director, has given us a production which is as close to Brecht's theoretical intentions, and to their physical embodiment, as could be desired.

Brecht's alienation technique is used to the full. The continuous disruption of the plot by the narrator-singer, the switching of scenes, the stylized movements, and the group scenes choreographed by Eva Winkler-Taub, the alternation

between high-flown and earthy language (Nathan Zeeh's beautiful translation faithfully transmits these different linguistic levels) are all in the text. The happy surprise is that they are also in the performance, and don't seem too artificial.

Grusha is a late development of Brecht's motherly type, to the point that she is not a type any more but a full and rounded character. She has a strong body and mind, yet she is a womanly and tender; she is simple and naive but capable of witless (some of the textual indications of this were deleted in the performance). She is unhappy but steadfast in her affairs; she is worldly-wise but chaste and loyal; she is meek and submissive, but her defiant outburst about the judge, in the next-to-last scene, is intensely pleasing dramatically. This extremely important scene is played by Giti Monte with such verve and impudence that, if she were performing in opera, there would be cries of *da capo* all over the hall. She is a capable actress when well directed, and this is the best thing she has done.


The only drawback is a certain sentimentality — always a pitfall in Brecht plays. For instance, she accepts her admirer's very formal marriage proposal, promises to wait for him — he is going off to the war — and he thanks her stiltedly. There they both bow formally. Brecht

writes: "she rushes away without looking back." In this production she hesitates, falls into Azdak's arms, they kiss, and then she leaves. This changes the subtle relationship Brecht drew.

One more criticism: Gita Mante is becoming overmuch a *sabara*; she swallows words, thereby raining her diction. It is a pity.

AZDAK is a drunkard, a poacher, a village "intellectual," and in fine a cheerful anarchist. He is a judge who takes bribes but favours the poor. His rough-and-ready justice, his Brechtian cowardice and instinct for survival, his disenchanting revolutionism and slyness, and other features of his character, make him a more complex Schweyk, or Matti (from Brecht's *Pantula*). He has the wisdom and agility of the underdog and of the common people. Yet Azdak, again typically Brechtian, is insecure in his class affiliation.

Avner Hiskiyahu looks as if he were born for the part. This is both a compliment and a criticism. We are for him from the moment he comes on stage. His versatility, his easy yet dominating presence, his amusing intonation and gestures, give great pleasure. On the other hand this is the Avner Hiskiyahu we have known for so long, with all his characteristic mannerisms and little tricks. It's as if Azdak were playing Avner.



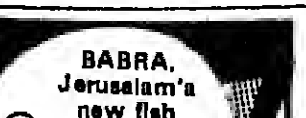
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WHILE THE introduction of the "Voice of Music" exclusively on FM has given rise to a spate of public protests in the correspondence columns in our newspapers, another unusual occurrence has not evoked any public reaction. Since April 1, all chamber music ensembles and individual instrumentalists organized in the Histadrut's Musicians Union have been on strike against the Israel Broadcasting Authority (IBA), and, as a consequence, the weekly Sunday night programmes at Jerusalem's YMCA Auditorium have been regularly cancelled and replaced by recorded programmes.

Three grievances brought about this unusual step, according to Danny Gottfried, lawyer by profession and jazz pianist by experience and reputation, and one of the leading representatives of the musicians in question. Remuneration for broadcasts has not been adjusted to the cost of living for many years; the difference has been calculated that payment should be something like 145 per cent more than it is; comparison with radio stations abroad points to an even greater discrepancy. Taking into account the more limited budgetary resources of the IBA, a compromise would be acceptable, but, apparently, management uses the same technique as the Treasury does in relation to the defense: occasional meetings produce an offer that has already been rejected at previous discussions. Another complaint — which should be easy to remedy if bureaucracy could be pushed into more vigorous action — is that payments often take six months and more, without being linked to the index, thus incurring additional devaluation. Remembering the "bad old days" of the Mandate, one recalls that payments to performing artists were effected immediately after the actual broadcast. The announcer signed the prepared order testifying that the performance had duly taken place and the artist could go to the post office and cash it next morning.

The third point is the question of performing rights. Composers are protected by ACUM, the Société d'Auteurs, Compositeurs et Editeurs de Musique en Israël. According to its agreement with this body, the IBA transfers to it a certain percentage of its music budget for distribution to its members so that composers, for example, get royalties for every broadcast of their music. Not so the performing artists; the IBA can record recitals and rebroadcast them frequently without additional payment to the performers. This, too, is in stark contrast to the practice abroad, and seems very unfair to artists.

GOTTFRIED intimated that if the IBA does not come forward with some more acceptable proposals, the strike will be extended and will include all the orchestras in the country, with the exception, of course, of the Jerusalem Symphony, which is employed by the IBA itself.

Performing artists cannot use irritating tactics like other professions — it wouldn't work if they decided to go slow and play their music at half tempo, or without sharps and flats, or hold meetings in the middle of the performance of say, a Brahms piano trio!

At Broadcasting House on Queen Helene Lane, Avi Hanani, the director of music, regrets the situation; over which he has no influence, because he deals only with the practical, not the financial, side of the issue. According to him, the

Silent treatment



MUSIC & MUSICIANS / Yohanan Boehm

department is fully aware of its obligation to our performing artists. They should be given every encouragement to pursue their profession, he says, and the IBA provides the most suitable platform reaching the widest audience in every corner of Israel. He is not at all happy at having to replace live broadcasts with records.

Probably in connection with the present situation, the director of the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, Yehuda Fickler, was called in by the IBA management and asked to provide musicians from within the Jerusalem Symphony for programmes requiring a "light orchestra" or similar combinations for television. The JSO has presently 94 regular members, costing a huge slice of the music budget, and the management is demanding fuller exploitation of these regulars, as it cannot accept the "exaggerated" demands of the freelancers hitherto employed as nucleus demanded.

TO RETURN to the FM issue, Prof. Reuven Yaron, the chairman of the board of the IBA, gave a very persuasive explanation of the reasons which led to putting "The Voice of Music" on FM in his article, "The FM Tempest" in this newspaper on June 9. I fully agree with Mr. Hirschmann of Haifa, who wrote (Readers' Letters, June 6) that "anyone listening with the right degree of concentration to classical music while driving a vehicle is endangering his and other people's lives."

Classical music as background noise is abhorrent to anybody with cultural inclinations. For "musical air pollution" Gaiel Zahal and the other channels provide enough programmes.

As for the complaints about the programmes themselves, this is the eternal problem besetting every musical institution, be it an orchestra, a chamber music ensemble, or a broadcasting service. There simply is no programme solu-

tion that would please everybody all the time. Avi Hanani singles out for example the big block between 8 a.m. and 12 noon. Four hours of continuous music every day present a tremendous challenge to the programme organizer. Certain general considerations keep certain kinds of music reserved for other times, and it is not expected that people really sit down to listen for four consecutive hours without a break. The tendency, therefore, is to provide varied fare to please many different tastes.

AS DIFFERENT producers are employed for these programmes, personal likes and dislikes may affect their choices, but only selective listening can satisfy selective music lovers. Only through a variety of offerings can each person find what he or she is looking for, and it may be quite valuable if unknown music is listened to and, perhaps, proves pleasurable.

A widening of musical horizons has never hurt anybody, and critical assessment of the quality and content of all kinds of music may even heighten the joy of listening. People who stick to conservative music diets miss a great deal. You are always free to reject trends and schools, techniques and structures that you find displeasing, but keep your ears and heart open for new things.

There is also a welcome tendency at Broadcasting House to give the works of Israeli composers increasing opportunities to be heard. While individual artists and chamber music ensembles, not to mention the country's orchestras, neglect the works of their compatriots, Kol Israel is fulfilling its duty as a government agency to provide air space for the propagation of local compositions.

P.S. The IBA informs me that it intends to reintroduce some classical music programmes on AM in order to satisfy listeners who do not have FM receivers.

Obligatory option

BRIDGE / Hanan Sher

THE OBLIGATORY FINESSE is not a finesse at all. A standard weapon in the arsenal of almost any competent declarer, it is a means of "finding" a doubleton ace and limiting to one the losers in an eight-card suit headed by the king and queen.

If that isn't clear, let's try an example. We'll call our imaginary suit "hearts," with these holdings in the combined hands.

Dummy
K 9 7 3
Declarer
Q 8 6 5

North
A A K Q
J 9 4
K 4 3 2
K Q J

West
J 10 8 3
Q 10 5 2
7
K 10 7 4 3

East
A 6 5 4
K A 8 6
A J 10 8
A 9 8 6

Missing the jack and ten as well as the ace, declarer tries to determine which of the defenders has the ace, often on a sheer guess, and sometimes governed by "danger holdings" in other suits or by entry problems. In our example, we'll say that declarer thinks/hopes/needs to have the ace with left-hand opponent. He then leads a small heart from his hand towards the dummy, and inserts the king. When right-hand opponent plays small, declarer

leads a small card from dummy, and even if RHO plays the jack or ten, plays small. This play succeeds when LHO was dealt the ace-doubleton. Now, after regaining the lead, declarer will drop the remaining card with his high queen.

In today's deal, from the qualifying round of the State Cup tournament played last weekend, our declarer found a way to take an obligatory chance, but to simultaneously give himself an extra chance. The contract was three no-trump, reached after North opened

one diamond, South responded one no-trump, and North, with his 19 high-card points and a balanced hand, jumped directly to game.

West made an unlucky choice of opening lead. A major seemed called for on the bidding, and West judged a spade to be safer than a lead away from his heart-ten-ace. So he led the spade jack.

Winning in dummy, South surveyed his chances. He had six sure tricks in the black suits. Three more could come from diamonds, if he could find one defender with the ace-doubleton. Since he was already in dummy, it seemed like a good idea to lead small towards the queen.

He was about to make that play when he stopped. He saw another play which would provide himself with some insurance against losing three diamond tricks if East held the ace-jack-ten. So South didn't play a diamond at Trick Two. Instead, he led the jack of clubs from dummy and overtook with the ace. Now, at Trick Three, he finally played a diamond from his hand, and inserted the king. East won the ace and returned a second spade.

Now, with the lead in dummy, South played another diamond, covering East's ten with the queen. When West discarded a club, South's line of play was clear. He entered dummy with a club and



played another small diamond. East could rise with the jack or play the eight. But either way, South had his second diamond trick. Now, with the heart ace in the East hand, South could make his contract, scoring three spades, one heart, two diamonds and three clubs.

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Sun. at 9 pm: *Les Choix des Arms* with Yves Montand
Mon. at 7 pm: *Patton*
9:45 pm: *The Stud Form* Andras Kovacs
Tues. at 4 pm: *Fantomas*
7 pm: *Charlots of Fire*
7:30 pm: In small hall *The Private Life of Don Juan*
Wed. at 7 pm: *L'Important c'est d'Aimer*
9:30 pm: *The Long Riders*
Thurs. at 7 pm: *The Mockingbird* Mon
9:30 pm: *Just Like at Home*
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this week in Israel

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Kadafi Baraka — at the Rockefeller Museum
The Wonderful World of Paper — Paley Center

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"DON GIOVANNI" by Mozart
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Sunday, June 18; Monday, June 20; Wednesday, June 22 and Thursday, June 23 at 15.30
"THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY" — A Disney Production masterpiece.
Two dogs and a cat on an adventurous journey home. Narration in Hebrew: Uri Zohar.

FILM
Tuesday, June 21 at 18.00 and 20.30
"DONA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS" [Brazil 1977]
Director: Bruno Barreto, with Sonia Braga, Jose Wilkor.

SPECIAL EVENT
Wednesday, June 22 at 20.30
Literary evening with Netan Zach (in Hebrew)
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TICKETS FOR SATURDAY: Available in advance at the Museum and at the ticket agencies: Tel Aviv—Rodeo, Etzion, Le'an and Castel; Jerusalem—Kleim.

THE TECHNICIANS' strike that doomed our screens to darkness came upon us coyly, inconspicuously, like a violet blossoming in the shade. Our attention was concentrated on the garish hibiscus splendour of the doctors' strike in full bloom in the hot sunshine, and lo and behold! Behind our backs a new flower had emerged.

This lack of ostentation was obviously due to the soft-peddling of the strike by the Israel Broadcasting Authority. Radio's news service on Monday hardly mentioned it; the TV news at nine almost suppressed it. It was not referred to in the headlines, after which came an interminable interview with a trade union leader called a doctor about the latest non-offer by the Treasury. Finally, at the far-end of the news, we got a short item about a technicians' strike which was making it difficult for unfortunate telephone subscribers who wanted to call 16 with complaints about their phones.

It may seem that there was no point in telling us that there was no point in calling 16, since, in any case, 16 never answers; but it was interesting to discover that Monday's "puncture" was due to a strike and was not the normal procedure for handling complaints.

A throwaway line in this item of news was that the strike was also denying us the education, discussions and entertainment normally provided by television. But this radical threat to our nights hardly seemed to be a matter of any great interest to the very people one would have expected to be most indignant about it, the inhabitants of Television House. There were no explanations of what was at issue, or what were the arguments of the two sides: we had no debates between representatives of management and labour, no hint as to who were the good guys and who the villains.

We were not shown any shots, calculated to move us to mutiny and rage, such as we have seen, time and again during the doctors' strike, of suffering patients in hospital emergency departments.

Why did they not film suffering families in front of blank TV screens? Just imagine how shocked we would have been by the sight of little Yitzhak, denied his cartoons; sister Rochele, longing to weep her lovely eyes out during *Little House on the Prairie*; Momma Sara, anxious to find out how Miz Ellie was coping with the latest quarrels of her troublesome brood down on the ranch; Poppa Moshe, longing to join Kaz in some feat of legal legerdemain in the courtroom.

What a tragic image of the afflicted family springs to mind! But it did not spring to the screen. Why not? Was there some agreement between the IBA management and the unions to play down the strike, to imitate the three wise monkeys, in breach of their clear duty to keep the public informed?

OF COURSE, I must admit that the pathetic scene I have described never took place, due to the kindly way in which Jordan and Lebanon rushed forward to succour their afflicted Semitic cousins in their hour of darkest need. Little Yitzhak gets his cartoons, Rochele her *Little House*, Momma her *Dallas* and Poppa his *Magnus* — no mean substitute for Kaz — due to the gracious loving-kindness of King Hussein. And, as a generous bonus, his majesty gave the whole family *Taxi* for laughs.

There are thousands of Israelis who can take a television strike in their stride, without yielding up

Striking violets

TELEREVIEW / Philip Gillon

their sturdy Jewish independence of the Arabs. These are the shrewdies who had the prescience to take advantage of the haumless hominy of our equivalent of Santa Claus, Finance Minister Yoram Aridor. They joined in the spending spree on imported so-called luxuries he prompted at the end of May, and purchased videos.

Videos may make a dramatic impact on the life-styles and mores of Israelis. People with long memories may recall what happened at the end of the Sixties, when Israel introduced television. The few people with sets discovered that they were immensely popular; they had to lay in vast supplies of food and liquor for hordes of friends and neighbours who came to watch TV with them. Subsequently, as everybody bought sets, friendships withered and the neighbourhood spirit died. Now, whenever a strike affects TV, we may see a revival of this old spirit of enforced hospitality, from video owners.

SLOW-MOVING traditionalists, who are still placing their trust in King Hussein, have a number of complaints, to which I must draw the attention of his majesty. (I trust he examines every word I write each week, so as to gain insights into the thinking of his television subjects.)

Our main complaint is that Channel Six is far too weak. Even when Israel is right off the air, as on Monday, the dastardly Egyptians cast their shadows across our reception of Channel Six. Channel Three is strong enough to withstand all the inroads of Egypt and Israel, but Channel Six is not, especially in the summer.

Then there is far too much likes to be suspicious: it makes both Six and Three. It is very kind of your majesty to provide us with live coverage of major sporting events ignored by Israel Television with contempt, but why spoil the gift by having a voice-over in Arabic? We beg you, your majesty, not to be parochial and insular, but to stick to English, and maybe introduce some Hebrew.

The same thing happens, with even less excuse, with some excellent documentaries produced in English. It must be a lot of trouble to superimpose Arabic commentaries. Quite unnecessary. Anyway, if you have to do it, at least add captions in the major languages.

IT IS HIGH time that universities introduced special degree courses on labour disputes and strike-settling. The curriculum should include such subjects as economics, sociology, mass psychology, individual psychology, anthropology, comparative religions and home economics. Clearly a strike has little to do with whatever unimportant argument triggered it: the strike fulfils some profound need of the human spirit, it provides some deep satisfaction for both sides that normal work cannot supply.

Julian Mitchell, the author, who wrote scenarios for British Television, noted: "The truth is, both labour relations are enjoyed by both sides of television. The management likes to comfort, the work-force

of them feel alive and important." This applies, I think, to all strikers. Even the doctors' representatives, whom we see on television delaying Aridor, are getting as much excitement out of it all as they would get out of curing a patient or testing a new drug. Perhaps even more, since Israeli medicine has become so bureaucratized and institutionalized and depersonalized that the traditional satisfactions for many medics have been dissipated.

The trouble is that, though strikes may provide fun and games for both management and labour, the victims, the public, do not enjoy them. All strikes are settled in the end. Members of the new profession of strike-settlers I am recommending should be able to show both sides what the ultimate solution will probably be, and should work out a formula guaranteeing their sense of human dignity, of worth, of value to the community, without subjecting us, the public, to so many days, weeks, in some cases months, of superfluous distress.

ONE OF THE most frequent complaints about television is that it has killed the art of conversation in the family. Supercilious people, who sneer at the box, paint grisly pictures of husband and wife sitting either torpid or enthralled, never saying a word to each other.

Smiley's People should make a major contribution towards getting spouses to talk to each other again. I have read the book: I saw some episodes of it in England last November, and then again on Jordan: I also read and saw *Tinker, Tailor*.

Yet even I am baffled at times by what goes on in *Smiley's People*. The film is produced with basic assumption that every viewer remembers every word of every line. Carré ever wrote, so that he can pick up all the allusions to what Bill Haydon did to George vis Ann, and what Karl learned from the cigarette box in his cell in Delhi.

Few viewers, particularly women, have done the necessary research, so we can easily imagine what happens when the film is on. Willie: "Who she?" Hubby: "She was in charge of the archives in Smiley's looking." "Why is Alec Guinness looking more than over like a having drowned retriever that is having its butt kicked?" "Because she's making him remember what Bill Haydon did with Ann." "Who's Ann?" "George's wife." "What did she do with Bill?" "Slept with him."

"You mean, she said, 'Mine's not a Guinness — ho, ho, go!' " "Shut up. I want to hear what they're saying." Silence for some time. Then: "So what's going on?" "She's walking in a Paris street, and those are Russian thugs following her." "Hoy, look he's thrown her on to a taxi! Why did he do that?" "Because of Karl's secret." "No, I mean, why did he throw her on to the taxi, instead of under it, if he wanted to kill her? I suppose it's just Russian incompetence, like their missiles aren't so good." "Shut up, shut up, shut up!"

Ah, the complicated delights of John le Carré, as subtle as an asparagus soufflé! And, even more ah, the lost art of conversation!

Beast & beauty

CINEMA

Dan Fainaru

I MUST CONFESS that when I first saw *Pastore d'Amore* a couple of years ago, at the Cannes Festival, I was carried away by the grain of madness in its story. Returning to it now for a second viewing, I was appalled. Director Ettore Scola, a highly rated filmmaker, here takes on a story which is simply outside his realm. The tale remains powerful, but once you've been acquainted with it, nothing much else is left to catch your interest. That attests to a poverty of imagination unworthy of someone like Scola.

Based on a story by Ignio Ugo Tarchetti, entitled *Fosca* (the name of the female protagonist), Scola's movie recounts the mad love of an extremely ugly woman for an exceedingly handsome officer. What at first glance appears an abomination against the laws of nature (how could one mate absolute beauty to perfect ugliness?) gradually turns into a desperate explosion of sentiment powerful enough to obliterate any physical considerations. The plot reaches such an intense emotional level that nothing less than death could be the appropriate climax.

Fosca is the niece of a colonel commanding a godforsaken garrison somewhere in the north of Italy. The time is 1862, shortly after Italy has been reunited under one king. The army has little to do except parade, but the garrison, occupying the grounds of an old castle, sticks conscientiously to the old routines so the guns and sabres won't rust. A young, dashing and decorated captain, who had previously shown his valour in the Crimean war, is moved there from the big city, a fact which doesn't please him in the least because it puts many miles between him and his beautiful-but-married mistress.

The officer's "introduction" to Fosca could be called mysterious. At first, all he knows of her is from the unoccupied seat next to him at the commander's table and the rumours that the other officers supply. They are finally introduced, and for him it doesn't take too long to find out that there is no drawback. Dame Fosca doesn't have. She looks just like Count Orloff, the vampire in Murnau's *Nosferatu* she is poor; she suffers from a diabolical combination of different maladies, including a touch of epilepsy. She is terribly highly-strung, and the sound of her screams is enough to make the hottest blood run cold.

The captain can't fool much more than pity for this monstrous apparition. But Fosca accepts this pity greedily, as a sentiment which is better than none. She dotes on it, builds her own castles in the sky upon it, and in a very short while gushes out with a torrent of terrible love for him. She practically forces herself on him, to his obvious disgust. He tries to resist, with all due politeness — after all, she is the niece and only relative of his commanding officer, and she is a lady. But it is all in vain. Fosca is in love, she will not let go. All his protests are in vain. Gradually, he is trapped by the intensity of her emotions. The garrison doctor makes him feel responsible for the acute physical crisis of the girl. And when the captain realizes that for his love, she is prepared to accept all including humiliation and public dishonour, he can do nothing but give up his mistress for the love (if love is the right word here) of Fosca.

What he does is to translate the story to the screen without adding any dimension. Sadly, he limits his characters to only one function, as if they wouldn't be capable of carrying on their shoulders more than one sentiment, one thought or one initiative at a time.

He does the same thing with the camera, as if the screen couldn't bear more than one action at a time. The story itself is so much focused on the captain and Fosca, that all the others are barely shadows — sometimes funny, sometimes sad, always lacking consistency. Which is a pity. Each of the officers has a story of his own. That is hinted in the movie, nothing else.

And then there is the dubbing, that hateful process whereby a foreign language dialogue is stuck to the lips of an actor. This is particularly bothersome since three of the leads here are French — Bernard Giraudou, Jean Louis Trintignant and Bernard Blier. All of them were obviously speaking French while the film was being shot. There is very little in common between the way their lips move and the sound they project. Which makes it even harder to believe.

If there is a presence here that has to be accounted for, that is, Valeriu d'Orici, who plays Fosca. I must make a lot of guts to mount oneself in the ugliest disguise imaginable, not that she is a beauty in real life. Maybe that was the political act Scola was talking about. For d'Orici not only is equal to the other, better-known and better-looking members of the cast, she practically overshadows them.

GOING BACK through the reviews published during the last couple of months, I found out to my surprise, that I somehow missed mentioning *Frances*, a film released while I was in Cannes, but certainly memorable enough not to pass in silence. I therefore rush to correct my error.

Frances is the real life story of actress Frances Farmer, who was almost a star in Hollywood in the Thirties, and whose unhappy life is one of the more embarrassing episodes in the history of cinema. It proved then, and it still shows, that this is an industry for conformists which will crush any individualist simply because he does not fit into the system's established pattern. And indeed, the movie starts by establishing Miss Farmer as an individualist through and through who doesn't mind stepping on toes. In the first shot she is just 16, reading her high school paper on "The Death of God" to a horrified audience of middle-class parents. For her blasphemy, she gets an

nward for her paper and the everlasting hatred of the townfolk. Which is just about the way she goes on from there. As a young actress, she defies everybody and accepts an invitation to Moscow, at the time when Communism was considered only slightly less deadly than the plague. Back to the States, she is picked by Hollywood and almost immediately given leading parts, which she finds objectionable because they don't make sense and don't allow her to contribute anything of herself. Which is another kind of blasphemy to the studio moguls.

Then she is invited by Harold Clurman and Clifford Odets to play the lead in *Golden Boy* on Broadway. She is persuaded that her talent is finally appreciated, goes to New York, takes the part, has a fling with Odets, and makes the show a hit by lending to it her glamorous name. Then, when the chips are down, she discovers that this is all Clurman and Odets really wanted of her.

Back to Hollywood, where she suffers the terrible vengeance of the people she had slighted before. She is stuck in one bed after the other, loses her bearings, starts drinking and behaving irresponsibly in public, and finally is committed to an insane asylum.

From this point on her life turns into a real hell. She is in and out of various looney bins, each time treated badly, humiliated and stripped of any human dignity. Finally she is forced to undergo brain surgery, lobotomized and turned loose a meek, helpless and conforming person, who spent the last years of her life as an occasional TV personality on a small station. The one last remarkable thing she did, was her appearance on a show coast to coast, in which she described in detail everything she had gone through.

Graeme Clifford, an Australian film editor who here handles his first directorial job, has spent a couple of years gathering the documents required for the most accurate rendition of the true story. But, given the time limitations and the abundance of material, he finally opted for a series of highlights, short episodes from the actress' life, something like milestones of her existence.

This sort of construction lacks homogeneity. It does not build the character gradually but by fits and leaps, and tends to look like selected sequences out of a novel, which could never replace the novel itself. What's more, Clifford's sympathy for Frances Farmer is so intense that he doesn't really mind that all the other characters are close to caricatures. Which is pretty dangerous when one deals with an ambitious mother who wants her daughter to be a star, or when one presents an understanding admirer who helplessly follows Frances all her life, but who also happens to be one of the chief sources of information for the film.

Clifford's past as an editor works to his advantage here. He never lets the story lag enough to let you think of its shortcomings. Even more to his advantage was the choice of the leading actress, Jessica Lange, who has managed to outgrow her ridiculous debut as the heart throb of a gorilla in *King Kong* and has proved herself to be enormously gifted in such different parts as that of the sensual wife in *The Postman Always Rings Twice* and the nice girl afraid of her own impulses in *Twelve*. After *Frances*, she doesn't have to worry any more. She is up there at the top, with the best of them. □

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The Visions of Don Manuel

Meir Ronnen

"DREAMS - VISIONS - METAPHORS" is the extraordinarily apt title of a "retrospective" of sorts of the work of Mexico's most renowned photographer, Manuel Alvarez Bravo, which opened at the Israel Museum's Sertus Gallery this week. Octogenarian Don Manuel himself was here for the opening, having selected the more than 120 prints for the show together with Photography Curator Nissan Perez. The show comprises much recent work and many prints are being exhibited for the first time. They will be on view until August 30.

There is, however, no attempt at chronology. Bravo's oeuvre itself defies it. The works, from well over five decades, are grouped by theme or idea. What welds them all together is an inner timelessness.

All this derives from the fact that the self-taught Bravo is not an art photographer, but rather a sensitive artist, a humanist intellectual whose medium is photography. Further, his close associations with the great Mexican muralists as well as European artists, have been used to assimilate a wide variety of influences, from Surrealism to Abstract Expressionism. Just as Mexico and Mexican culture (and all his work, whatever it is, is essentially about Mexico) is a mixture of pre-Hispanic, Indian and Spanish culture, so is his form of expression a mixture of East, West and Central America. It is a tribute to his sensitivity that none of it ever slips into affectation. His posed nudes, for instance, with their references to both Toltec images and mythology, seem perfectly natural, even when props are used. They can be read on many levels, social, mythical, historical, sometimes erotic. For the most part, they hardly seem posed at all.

Bravo's heritage is thus infinitely rich. He looked long at the Mexican painter Posada and later at Rivera and especially at Rufino Tamayo. He has also learned from Hokusai and perhaps Franz Kline, and he

had a long friendship with surrealist poet Andre Breton. He also has the true Mexican feeling for the *peon* and for the urban poor. Look at his girl offering a fish, a Mexican madonna from a Spanish painting, a pubescent child with an offering of fertility; but look too at the subtle changes of focus and definition in all the planes of this print. It is not only an artistic, human document, but a veritable triumph of subtle technique.

Bravo had it all from the beginning. His early industrial assignments anticipated the minimalists; he seems to have been drawn to this purity via Hokusai. Even his more journalistic reportage, like the bloody visage of the dead striker, has a monumental quality, as though it represented all maddened workers.

Death, ritual sacrifice, Christian

and Indian dreams of inanimate objects and idols come to life, portraits of proud resignation, contrasts of old and new, these are the haunting images of this moving exhibition. Bravo defies the flatness of photography to draw us into his inner world.

Curator Perez has provided an excellent monograph for a book of some 60 photographs from the show which goes on sale this week. He concludes it thus:

To penetrate this (inner) world one should follow one of the recommendations in the Triennial quoted by Don Manuel: "If you want to see the invisible, carefully observe the visible." Bravo adds: "The invisible is always contained in the work of art which recreates it. If the invisible cannot be seen in it, the work of art does not exist."



Manuel Alvarez Bravo: a self-portrait from his exhibition at the Israel Museum, spanning more than half a century.



THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1983

Aspects of landscape

Meir Ronnen

STEFFA REIS, in her first Jerusalem appearance in many years, shows pastels and mixed-media works on paper that reduce landscape to axial abstract shapes in the tradition of French abstract-see-from-above-impressionism of the early Fifties. Working on tuned or coloured paper, Reis achieves rich and pleasing colour harmonies and her shapes are dynamically and effectively composed. There is a tendency to please, at its best in the impeccable 5 and 7, but a certain lack of excitement results. Rather more interesting is the direct reference to landscape in the starkly horizontal 25. Works from this year and last are on view, some of the newer ones veering more and more back to realist, seen-from-ground-level views. (Ella Gallery, Turn 1, Yemin Moshe, J'lem). Till June 30.



Steffa Reis: composition, mixed media (Ella Gallery, J'lem).



Gertrude Zack: "Trees," water-colour (Arto Gallery, J'lem).

TAMARA RIKMAN, who made her reputation as a printmaker of formalised landscapes, shows large landscape paintings on paper in acrylic gouach Low-key in colour and characterised by bold handling and opaque overpainting, her new work is, up to a single nod to Soutine, very much old New Horizons with an expressionist touch. Rikman doesn't pose any particularly interesting questions, so there aren't any particularly interesting answers. Despite the rough texture of all the gestural tricks, a lot of them traceable to Zaritsky, an impression of sickness obtains. There's a lot of atmosphere, a lot of skill, but perhaps due to predictable composition, rather less art. (Alon Gallery, cnr. 51 Palmach, J'lem).

GERTRUDE ZACK, from Vancouver, who has exhibited here before, shows a mixed bag of oils and watercolours ranging from abstraction to Canadian woodland views. Best are the few misty watercolours of lines of trees. (Arto Gallery, Akiva 4, J'lem). Till July 2. □

Graphics Triennale in Haifa

Ephraim Harris

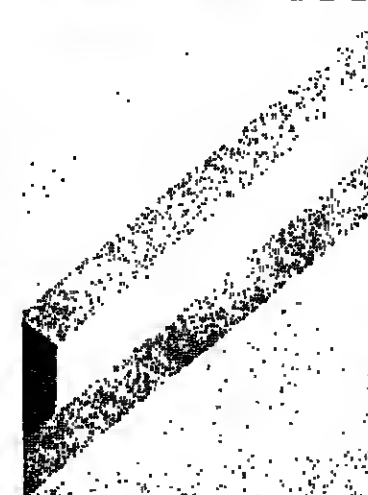
THE TRIENNALE of Israeli Graphic Art, excluding the display of Hermann Struck (1878-1944) presents 130 prints by about 60 artists ranging from Gavi's white-embossed barely visible minimalism reduced to *ad absurdum*, to Gerstein's "Vases" (at first taken for red cardboard Chinese lanterns; on closer inspection it turned out to be "cut colour silk-screen."

A sort of direction through this labyrinth may be found by saying that graphics are basically drawings by manual or partly mechanical means; that they are founded on line (including light and shade) and spatialism; and that colour, a fairly recent addition, while still disliked by black and white purists, is now accepted.

The Struck etchings, especially the portraits, give a fair idea of the manner prevailing in the first quarter—and long before—of this century. Although Struck trained a small group of Haifa artists, he has never appealed to Israeli etchers drawn to the innovative revolution evident here; and acquired by them chiefly in America and Paris.

In order to assist in describing the Triennale, two artists may serve as guide lines: Peralta, awarded the First Prize, shows several "Untitled" grey and whitish silk-screens, which although modernised by abstraction, continue both the classic graphic tradition and the style of his personal abstract wood sculpture. The second is Abramovic, whose etching of barbed wire ("Border") retains traces of the engraved line but, concentrating on subject, is called "pictorial." However, the distinction is often blurred since competent spatial drawing is frequently said to demonstrate "abstract qualities" as in Akerman's "Rublev/Malevich (A)" or clearly realist as in Alkara's textile diptych (etching) of flat overstated colour enlivened by fringes at either end.

Commencing from the first category, one is again struck by the symbolic relationship of abstraction and colour. Intelligent use of colour stamps Regav's "Lines and



Daniel Peralta: "Untitled," silk-screen, awarded First Prize, Triennale of Israeli Graphic Art, Haifa.

Splashes" seeming to rise up from the silk-screen; and Lazar's brown etching-and-aquatint, "Barren Hills," split inwards. Abramovic's "Untitled" (3) lifts his repetitive colour off the surface by pushing light from behind. Berman's tiny colour rectangles, recalling medal ribbons, ("Dispersion") form into a delicate yet firmly balanced spatialism, a pleasure to contemplate. Other abstracts include Yanai's "Light Stream"; Baharav's pale blue-and-white panoramic "Densities"; De Lange's lithograph "Compositions" (their green suggests the countryside); Ullman's black-and-white lithographs express distance in depth, etc.

This brings us to the "pictorial," further instances of mixed classification being Gagnon's thin thread-like lines drawn across a map; Natta's blueish grey "Window" (collagraph); Nelfeld's bright triple landscape (silk-screen). Where the pictorial can triumph is in colour, e.g. Eisenwasser's sunny beach and dunes ("In Flight"); and in Yaniv's "Two Figures" of girls on a bed, both silk-screens. In contrast, we have Ladin's ghostly "Movement" (aquatint-monoprint); Tal's Jewish photo-silk-screen looking out for somebody.

Now for those graphics whose category is clear: Moreh's powerful

and flexibly engraved dry points, e.g. "Yizkor"; Klapisch's green "Jerusalem" silk-screen; Kuznetz's realist interior in controlled and low-toned colour; Pliner's outline figurative woodcuts, minimal although enclosing more than some years ago; Rockman's "The Big Scream" propelling us into another world; Bargal's "Fence," coloured silk-screen, perhaps the nearest to Abramovic's own attitude to graphic line; Asher, awarded the Second Prize, an outstanding photo-realist, for his photo-silk-screen of his stood upright in a corner; in a related medium, photo etching, Leviteh's coloured "Sinai Variations" of natural objects, each motif clearly separate; Eisenman's capably organized nostalgic memories, symbolically chosen, of his continental residences (etching and silk-screen) etc. etc.

The Triennale's weakness lies in its portraits. H. Ben-Jano's silk-screen rag of Peres ("Elections 81") is a naturalistic *tour de force*; Moreno's "Souvenir from the Colonies," etching-and-aquatint, is more or less an imaginary conception from the past; and Lahav-Shaaltiel's "Self Portrait" in four aspects (sugar-lift) is a study in thickish outline drawing. (Museum of Modern Art, Haifa). Till July.

DESPITE the presence of many members remaining loyal to the Etching Studio of Beit Hagefen, this annual exhibition differs, in several respects, from past displays. Until last year, the general level of its classical linear etching was often very accomplished. Today one receives an impression of the students having been taken severely in hand and brought back to straightforward simplicity of etched line and composition. Within Beit Hagefen's principle of representationalism, the novelties are the appearance of colour (no longer confined to that of the print paper), at its most forcible in Shapiro's "Pillars and Arches in Nature," softer in Ahel's "Through the Village" and more tinted in Reuven's "Thorns." Another, let us hope, hopeful sign, is of true portraiture, particularly Weiser's analytical "Become Old" (a male head), (46). Beit Hagefen, Haifa). □

Taking a count



Israel's first census since 1972 is proceeding so smoothly that more than a quarter of the 1.5 million forms have already been returned to the Central Bureau of Statistics.

A bureau spokesman predicted that the first results of the count would be published in September.

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FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1983

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1. Tours in English at 9 and 11 a.m. from Administration Building, Givat Ram Campus, Times 9 and 28.
2. Mount Scopus tours 11 a.m. from the Brookman Reception Centre, Sherman Building, Times 9 and 28 to last stop. Further details: Tel. 02-862819.

American Mizrahi Women: Free Morning Tours — 8 Alkalai Street, Jerusalem. Tel. 02-694222.
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Haifa

What's On in Haifa, dial 04-648040.

ART GUIDE

Notices in this feature are charged at \$175.00 per line including VAT; insertion every Friday costs \$1627.80 including VAT, per month.

Jerusalem

MUSEUMS:
Israel Museum: Opening Exhibition: George Segal, well-known American sculptor, including 16 life size plaster sculptures (Tue., 21.8, 8 p.m.). Continuing Exhibitions: Photographs of Manuel Alvarez Bravo; Oil Lump section; Permanent Collection of Judaica, Art and Archaeology; Primitive Art from Museum collection; Looking at Pictures; James Turrell Two Spaces; Permanent Exhibition in Pre-History Hall; Farinelli and Albertini Sing Vivaldi, 18th cent. Venetian operatic caricatures. Special Exhibits: New 5th Cent. Byzantine church mosaic; Egyptian gold even brand; Seder Ma'ach; Japanese Japanese Miniature Sculpture, 18th-19th cent. Netsuke and Inro; Kadesh Burned Judean Kingdom (Rockefeller Museum); Wonderful World of Paper (Paley Centre next to Rockefeller Museum).

Yemla Moshe Windmill: Permanent Exhibit on life and work of Sir Moses Montefiore, Sun-Thur, 9 a.m.-4 p.m., Fri. 9 a.m.-1 p.m. Admission free.
The Tourist's Post: Permanent Exhibits on Jerusalem Divided and Reunited in restored former military outpost. Sun-Thur, 9 a.m.-4 p.m. (1 Unit Hadassah St.).
Old Yishuv Court Museum: The life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century-World War II. 6, Reh. Or Hadassah, Jewish Quarter Old City. Sun-Thur, 9 a.m.-4 p.m.; Fri. 9 a.m.-12 noon. Tel. 635312.

Tel Aviv

MUSEUMS:
Tel Aviv Museum: New Exhibitions: Expressionism: Continuing Exhibitions: A.R. Penck, Expedition to the Holy Land, Helmar Lerski, Photographs 1918-1947, Impressionism and Post-Impressionism, 20th Cent. Art, Israeli Art. New Acquisitions 1982-1983. Gali Kisman, David Reeb, Landscapes 1982, II Sculptures and Triptych, Igal Tomarski, Young Hours, Sat. 10-2, 7-10, Sun-Thur, 10-10, Fri. closed. Helena Rubinstein Pavilion, Sat. 10-2, Sun-Thur, 9-1; 5-9, Fri. closed.

Yemla Moshe Windmill: Permanent Exhibit on life and work of Sir Moses Montefiore, Sun-Thur, 9 a.m.-4 p.m., Fri. 9 a.m.-1 p.m. Admission free.
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OOOO
Cameri Hall
Sat., June 18; Sun., June 19
Halla Theatre
Mon., June 20; Tue., June 21

THE SUITCASE PACKERS
Jerusalem Theatre
Sat., June 18; Sun., June 19
Cameri, June 20, 7.30, 9.30
Tue., June 21, with English translation

DIRTY HANDS
Tomorrow, June 19; Sun., June 19
Mon., June 20; Thurs., June 30

SHOP
Tomorrow, June 18

JEWISH SOUL
Sun., June 18; Mon., June 20

TROJAN WOMEN
Klar Saba
Sun., June 18; Mon., June 20

BENT
June 28, 29

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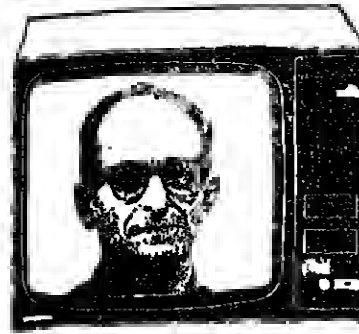
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EICHMANN IN BONN

German television viewers recently were witnesses to a singular media event—the 'performance' of excerpts from the interrogation of Adolf Eichmann. YOCHANAN ELDAD was there.

ON MAY 29, 1960, nine days after he was brought to Israel, Adolf Eichmann was confronted for the first time with the man who was to interrogate him for nine months in preparation for the trial that would eventually lead to his execution. The police chief inspector appointed for this extremely difficult task, Pakad Avner W. Less, was himself of German origin.

For 275 hours he sat opposite the murderer of millions of Jews, among them his own relatives. The interrogation was recorded, and translated into Hebrew. The transcript covers 3,564 pages.

Exactly 23 years later, on May 29, 1983, Less was the guest of honour at a performance in Bonn of excerpts from this interrogation, which was broadcast live on German television.

A huge hall in an abandoned factory, used by the Municipal Theatre for rehearsals and experimental drama, served as the uncanny setting for this teleplay. A simple stage with a table and two chairs; behind it an empty stretch of sand bordered by two rows of projectors, suggesting a concentration camp. A large iron door through which "Eichmann" is led, and which is forcefully slammed by an "Israeli" policeman.

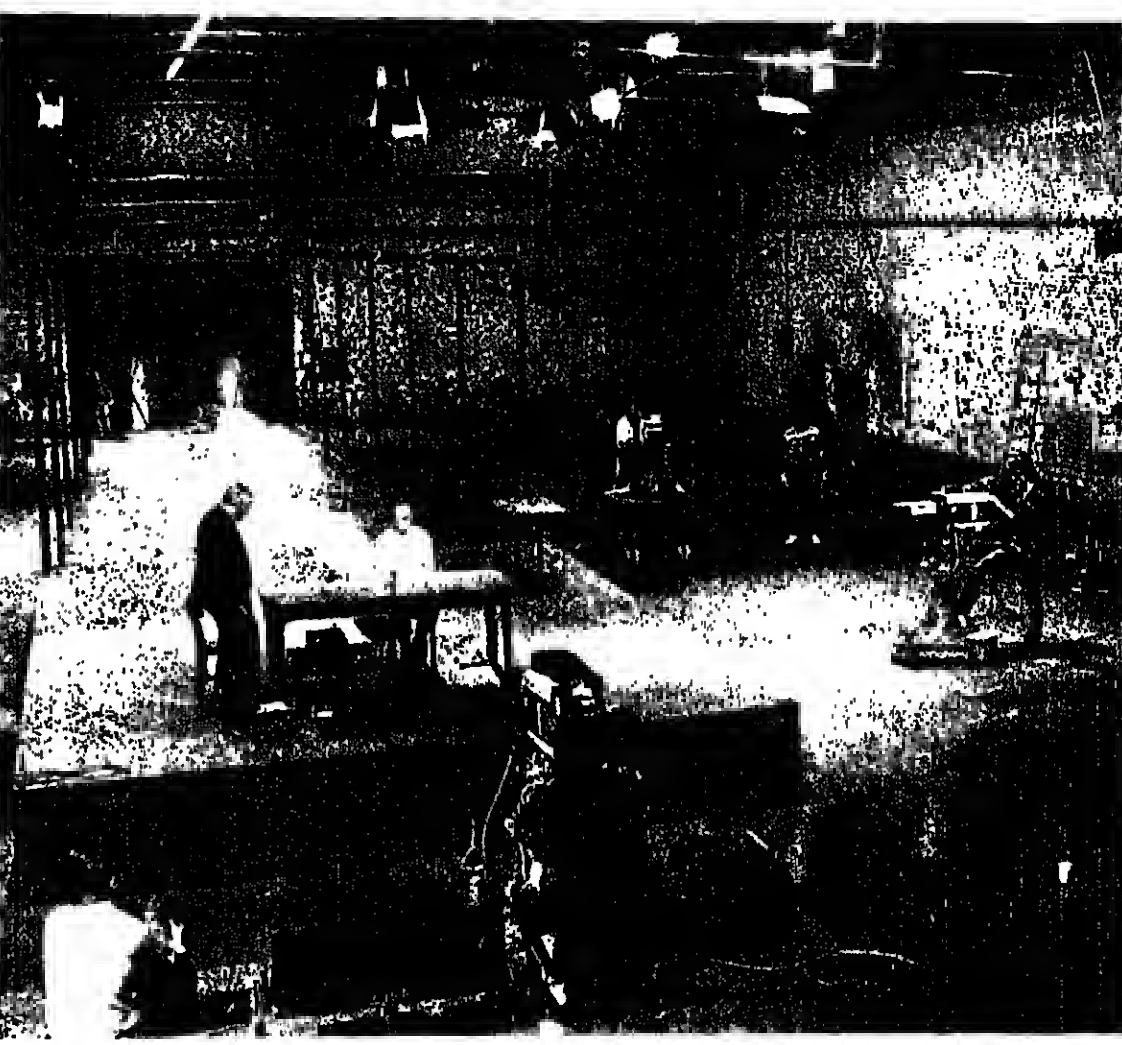
Breathless, the small audience of 300 invited guests — politicians, church leaders, staff members of the Israeli Embassy — listens to this gruesome echo of words uttered over 20 years ago in a prison somewhere in Israel. Peter Eschberg, actor and director of the Bonn Municipal Theatre, plays the part of Avner Less, Werner Kreindl that of Eichmann.

It is a performance. But the text is authentic and many in the audience cannot restrain their emotions. Is it possible that this really happened, that these horrors were committed by their compatriots, that this grey little man had such power over life and death, and can talk about it in such matter-of-fact tones?

BETWEEN sections of the play the lights are dimmed, and a few sentences from the text are projected on a screen, impressing on the mind of the viewer the incredible cynicism of this monster. During Eichmann's absence, Dr. Storfer of the Vienna Central Bureau of Emigration, as it was euphemistically called, is arrested and sent to Auschwitz. Eichmann goes to visit him, and tells him he can do nothing for him. "Yes, my dear Storfer, isn't this bad luck?" It is difficult to look at these words on the screen and not shout out loud. (Dr. Storfer was shot soon afterwards.)

Some people in the audience do shout. Although they have been warned that everything they are going to see this evening has been rehearsed, many of the spectators cannot believe that these interruptions by professional actors are not spontaneous. TV viewers at home, who have not been warned, are completely bewildered.

A young woman gets up and yells:



"Let's stop talking about Eichmann. Let's talk about El Salvador, about the Nazis who are again sitting in our government, about what the Israelis did in Beirut." Others, also actors, interfere.

On the stage, Eichmann drops his role for a moment and participates in the discussion: "Don't you understand what we are doing here? Don't you know the difference? Don't you know that 10 per cent of the Israeli population demonstrated in the streets of Tel Aviv? Where were the German demonstrators against Hitler? Whoever dares to compare these things and to talk about genocide is either evil or stupid."

The last words in the discussion are spoken by an "Israeli" who represents the moderate, Alignment point of view. He is warmly applauded.

The play is resumed. Eichmann reads a document Less has put in front of him on the deportation of the Hungarian Jews. Suddenly he removes his glasses, gets up from his chair, turns to the audience with the words "I cannot play this anymore," and leaves the stage.

Again the audience is somewhat at a loss: is this real or is it part of the performance? Of course it is part of the performance, but the impact of this dramatic ending is tremendous.

The man behind this daring event is the German writer and journalist, Jochen von Lang. It is not his first attempt to confront his

compatriots with their past. His book on Bormann (English title *The Secretary*), his TV documentaries on Dr. Robert Kempner, the American prosecutor at the Nuremberg trials, and on Auschwitz (*The Murderers are You and I*) bear witness to his honest intention to challenge the past.

I met him for the first time over two years ago, when he came to Israel to do research on the Eichmann interrogation. My initial reservation soon gave way to feelings of respect and friendship for this man, who is so obviously obsessed by his people's recent history.

When I asked him why he occupies himself so intensely and almost exclusively with the Third Reich and the Holocaust, he answered: "Because I am ashamed, and consider it my duty to convey these feelings of shame to the German people."

The first fruit of his research was a book: *Das Eichmann Protokoll*, which appeared in Berlin last autumn. It is dedicated to the victims and has an epilogue by Avner Less, who has become a close friend. The Bonn teleplay was based on this book, and during the intermission, von Lang interviewed Less. The latter said that the word "repentance" was uttered only once in the whole course of the interrogation. Eichmann looked at him and said, in astonishment: "But Herr Hauptmann, repentance is something for little children..."

Because I had done some work

that this Eichmann programme should relate to topical political events, emphasize the unique character of the Holocaust and, above all, protest against the thoughtless and irresponsible use of the term "genocide."

The German media had been trying to use the Lebanon war as a pretext for laying down the rucksack of guilt they carry. "It would, of course, be pleasant if we could live without this rucksack, but for generations to come we cannot and may not." Hence the decision to place actors in the audience to stress these points with their interruptions.

AND AVNER LESS — what were his feelings at being confronted again with Eichmann and hearing again his own questions and the evasive answers and lies of the man opposite him? Wouldn't he have preferred to be allowed to forget it all?

"Impossible," he says. "The nine months of interrogation were too short. I am still interrogating Eichmann; there are still so many questions I did not ask, so many answers I did not receive. I shall live with Eichmann until my last breath. Wherever people hate, and the circumstances allow it, new Eichmanns will arise."

What circumstances? I ask. "A dictatorship, lack of freedom, when lawlessness becomes law."

Avner Less has faith in German democracy, so much so that he has required the German nationality that was taken from him in the 1930s, in addition to his Israeli citizenship. He regards this as a gesture, an outstretched hand to Germans like Jochen von Lang and Dieter Meichner, who struggle with the past and deserve our friendship and encouragement.

I heard many critical reactions to this sentiment from Jews who were also deprived of their German citizenship, but would not think of recovering it, even though they agreed with Less about friendship and encouragement.

My long talks with Less have convinced me of the honesty of his intentions. Everyone has to cope with his past in his own way. And nothing can diminish my deep respect for this policeman who was faced with an almost superhuman task and fulfilled it with such integrity.

Werner Kreindl is a well-known actor in Germany, mainly because of his role as a police inspector in a popular TV series. But he has also played more serious roles, among them other war criminals such as Goering. But this, he admits, is the most terrible part he ever had to learn.

"It is, of course, utterly impossible to identify with the character I have to play. What I am trying to do is play somebody who could be Eichmann, as a warning to the German people." For Kreindl does not share Avner Less' faith in German democracy, not under the present right-wing government. It was a relief that twice, during the intermissions and towards the end of the play, he was able to drop his role and say what he really believes.

Norddeutsche Rundfunk received hundreds of phone calls after the programme, most of them expressing approval and admiration. There were, of course, also calls from Nazis and neo-Nazis. "Cranks," said somebody at NDR.

Let us hope they were merely that. That Avner Less' optimism is justified, and that the people I had the privilege of meeting in Bonn are indeed the true exponents of a new German spirit.

THE DEMISE of the Jewish settlement in Aden 16 years ago passed almost unnoticed. The end of three millennia of continuous Jewish presence in the port city at the tip of the Arabian peninsula was completely overshadowed by the general euphoria that followed the Six Day War.

The Jews who first arrived in Aden, during the period of the First Temple, were probably merchants and traders. The port, perched at the entrance to the straits that lead from the Indian Ocean to the Red Sea, was then already an important transit station.

The Jewish community of Aden, never homogeneous like the Jewish enclave in Yemen, later included traders from Erez Yisrael, Babylon, Persia, Egypt, Spain and Italy.

While the Jews of Yemen preserved their distinctive culture, as may be seen from their dress, speech, arts and crafts, institutions of learning and even folklore and folk medicine, the Jews of Aden in the last century differed from their Moslem counterparts in worship alone.

They ate the same foods, spoke the same Arabic dialect, wore the same clothes and, for the most part, practised the same trades and crafts as the Moslem majority.

One of the few differences was that each Jewish family kept its own still and wine cellar. When the British occupied Aden in the early 19th century, the Jews became their official suppliers of alcoholic beverages.

THE JEWISH presence in Aden, while continuous, had three highpoint periods. The first was during the time of the First and Second Temple, when Jewish merchants came and went throughout the Middle and Far East and trade flourished.

The fortunes of the Aden Jews again waxed strong under the rising star of Islam and from the 11th to the 13th centuries. The Jews then had the privilege of free entry into all Moslem states and were exempt from customs duties. It was this period that saw the rise of the Halfons, a family of Persian Jews who settled in Aden, controlled the customs and taxes levied there, and founded a long line of tradesmen and functionaries. Like the Rothschilds, 700 hundreds years later, the Halfons were the bankers for Jews and non-Jews in the countries of the Middle East.

BUT IT WAS the British presence in Aden that ushered in an era of prosperity and stability after 600 years of decline. Once the British arrived the fate of Aden Jewry was inextricably linked to their presence.

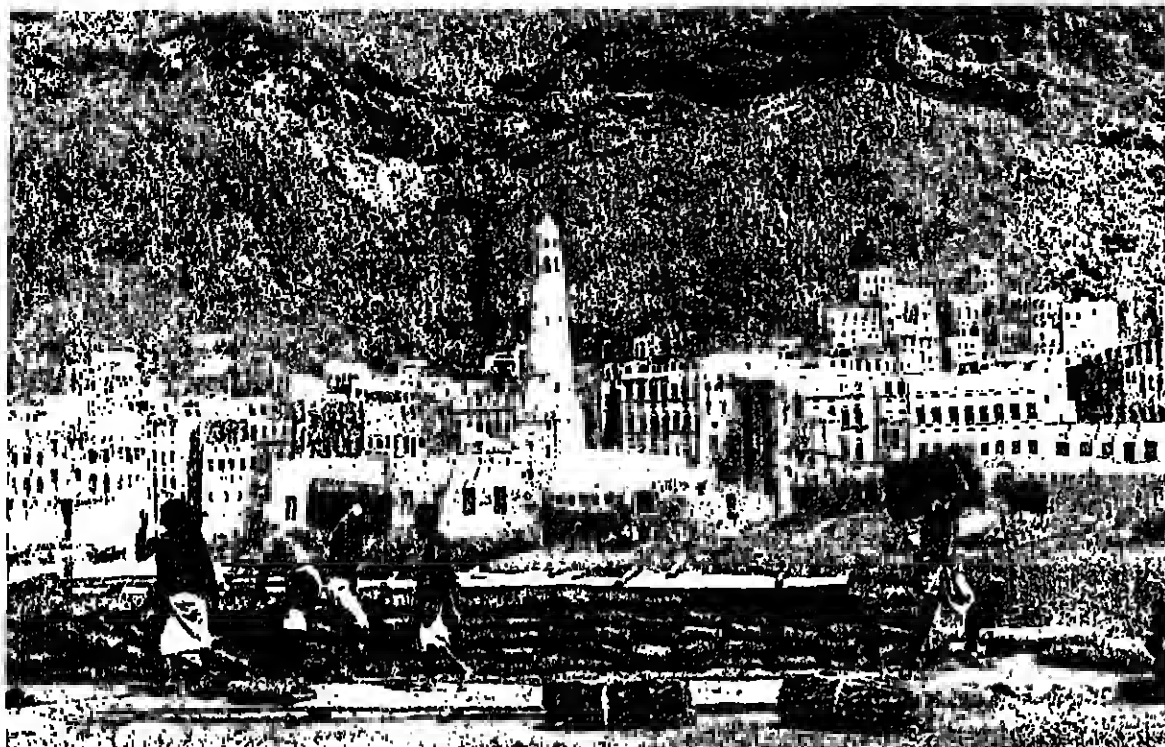
Aden was the first British conquest during the reign of Queen Victoria, and played a crucial role in the later development of trade with India and the expansion of the empire. Ironically, Aden was also the last outpost of the British Empire, abandoned only in 1967.

When the British came to the area, they found a sleepy, desert province and an equally lethargic town. The old trade routes for incense, spices, silk, precious stones and other luxury items, had long since moved elsewhere. It was the British who once again made Aden an important port.

Under British rule the Jews of Aden soon became indispensable. Because of their high literacy rate (almost 100 per cent among Jewish men and unusually high among Jewish women as well), the Jews slipped into administrative and mid-

Last Jews in Aden

Sixteen years ago, three millennia of Jewish history on the tip of the Arabian peninsula came to an abrupt halt. AVIVA KLEIN-FRANKE traces the oft-overlooked history of the Adeni community.



dle management roles, filling the newly created need for a middle class. There were also those of means, such as the merchant family Messa of Benin, who once during an emergency loaned £1 million to the local British administration.

The Messa-Benins operated Aden's only printing press and managed other presses as far away as India. They controlled the economic activities of Jews both in Aden and abroad, and headed the local community for more than 50 years. Originally from Yemen, they imported and exported goods and were the suppliers of foodstuffs for the British in Aden. They also dealt in textiles from Yemen and China.

Another Aden Jew, Menahem Messa, who created an empire of his own in Yemen, was known as "the Coffee King." The Messa family provided quarters for Jewish

refugees from Yemen and funded the construction of public buildings such as mikves, synagogues and schools. In 1908 Menachem Messa sought permission to open an English-style school for boys to be run by the Anglo-Jewish Association. The school opened just before the outbreak of World War I.

THE JEWS of Aden were community-oriented, and devoted much money and effort to help refugees from Yemen, many of whom arrived on the streets of Aden with no possessions except a thin cotton shift. The community organized work projects, housing and all other necessary aid for their brethren.

The Aden community also supplied teachers, cantors and rabbis to the Iraqi Jewish community in Bombay and in Calcutta and en-

couraged the printing of books in Yemen for the Indian market.

The family of Suleiman Sasson were well-known go-betweens for the Jews of Aden in their dealings with the British administration. Suleiman himself managed to get the British to accept the rulings of the rabbinical court in the city.

IT WAS under British protection that the Aden Jewish community reached the height of its glory, both economically and culturally. The boost to commerce that came with the opening of the Suez Canal enabled the Jewish merchants of Aden to open branch offices in Egyptian cities, and the Jewish population swelled to some 10,000.

At no other time was the community so strong. After the Bulford Declaration, and the riots against the Jews by the Arabs of Aden that

soon followed, emigration began. It was slow at first, with Jews settling in countries such as Eritrea, Somalia, India, Malaya and Palestine. Mass emigration began only in 1947, after local Arabs descended on the Jewish quarter in Sheikh Othman, north of Aden, where 900 Jews lived, attacked women and children and destroyed synagogues and sacred books. The rioting lasted several days and left 47 people dead, 17 of them children.

Many of Aden's Jews would have left then and there, had they been able to dispose of their property. However, the local Arabs continually agitated against the purchase of Jewish property by Moslems — the only possible buyers — arguing that the Jews had made their money and acquired their property by exploiting the Moslems, and it was therefore forbidden to pay them for their goods. They also contended that if the Jews were able to take their money from Aden, it would allow them to strengthen the Jewish hold on Palestine.

The Jews of Aden were caught "between the devil and the deep blue sea." In response to the situation, they slowly moved their families to England and to Palestine, but continued to run their businesses until the end. They were also reluctant to abandon their synagogues, schools and community buildings to the Arabs.

Also, although religiously observant, the Jews of Aden did not consider the Diaspora a curse, as did the Yemenites, nor were they fired by dreams of redemption. They were citizens of the great wide world, and though they were Zionists, the burning desire to reach the Land of Israel that motivated their neighbours to the south had no place in their scheme of things.

It was this attitude, more than any other, that decided the future of the community in the mid-20th century when the British presence waned.

ONCE THE British Raj in India ended in 1947, Aden lost its importance as a trading centre. And after the British withdrew from Palestine in 1948, the British presence in Aden was felt less and less as government was shifted to the local population.

The British had intended to hand over Aden to the Nationalist Party in January, 1968. The Six Day War hastened the British withdrawal from the protectorate. Angered by Arab losses in that war, the Arabs of the Arabian Peninsula sought revenge on the helpless Jews of Aden. Riots ensued and several Jews were killed.

Despite their reluctance to abandon the ancient colony, the Jews fled without their possessions and, almost overnight, the ancient colony ceased to exist.

About 70 per cent of the Aden Jews settled in Israel. The rest found new homes in Egypt and other areas along the trade routes. Since they were British subjects, the majority opted for England, hoping the British would try to negotiate a settlement with Aden concerning their lost properties. They were cruelly disappointed when the British failed to make any such move.

Unlike the extinct community in Shi'a where even today a few thousand Jews live in the pastoral north of the country, no Jews at all remain in Aden.

Dr. Klein-Franke is a researcher on the Jews of Yemen.



Messa family archive

JUST AS grihones are a by-product of roasting a chicken or a goose, I find that there are some delicious bits left over from the two columns occasioned by Hebrew Book Week (side A. Brillat-Savarin and F.R. Leavis, *Grihones as Metaphor: Nash in the Nineteenth-century Novel*, Cambridge University Press, 1924).

Having faultlessly dovetailed together a number of anecdotes about dotty, dirty and distinguished literati, I found that to attempt to include any stories about publishers would only mar the classic symmetry of the work, so I set them aside for this week. Washed, drained, cut into small pieces with a little onion and perhaps a slice of apple, they make a filling column. Serves six.

THE SCRUFFIEST of all publishers was undoubtedly Dent's Ernest Bozman. Hnz, who later became Dylan Thomas's publisher, once provoked his wife's wrath by hurling the toast. "I'm sorry," he said. "I thought the milk would boil over and put it out."

He was run a close second by Solomon Pottesman, the Bloomsbury dealer and collector, who always wore a collarless brown shirt and filthy cap as part of an ensemble that consisted mainly of brown-paper parcels. In the winter, he would strap several copies of *The Times* round his chest to keep out the cold, making him the only bookman I know of who could literally be read. The columns of print and the general messiness gave him a startling resemblance to a used HP sauce bottle.

Not all booksellers are literally dirty, of course, but nowadays an increasing number have taken to selling dirty books. Her Majesty's Post Office has helpfully included a dirty book guide in its Prestel Viewdoto service for TV subscribers. Soho's Court Bookshop, for example, is described as carrying a very good selection of erotic books. Shaftesbury Avenue's The Bookshop, on the other hand, is dismissed with faint praise: "A good dirty book shop... respectable, as dirty bookshops go."

This is a far cry from my student days when I worked part-time in Leslie Greger's bookshop in Manchester's Oxford Street. One quiet afternoon an Andy Capp Doppelgänger put his head round the door. "Any flap?" he demanded.

"Er, no. Well, I dunno," I stammered. "Better come back when the boss is in."

"What's flap?" I asked Leslie when he returned.

"Flagellation," explained the premature pornographer, pulling a pile of brown-paper covered exercise books from under the table by way of illustration. "I can't make a living flogging books unless I flog books on flogging."



I was reminded of this incident recently while reading a correction in *The Bookseller*. When they republished the Polytechnic Press's change of name to Jay Landesman Ltd., the paper said, they had given the address as "159 Wardour Street, W. 1 (next door to the Finger Tips Massage Parlour)." Now, Mr. Landesman, the publisher of erotica by G. Legman, the author of *The Rationale of the Dirty Joke* and

other crude works, wished the readers of *The Bookseller* to know that the massage parlour had changed its name to Spankarama. "Can you beat that?" he asked.

An arrow escape

WITH PREJUDICE / Alex Berlyne

PEOPLE LIKE Landesman rather let down the side. After all, Harold Macmillan, a publisher, served as prime minister not so very long ago, and George Weidenfeld was ennobled as part of Harold Wilson's legacy to an ungrateful nation.

Reminded of the fact that (rather like Otto Preminger, whom we saw on TV recently as the Kommandant of *Salat 17*) he once played Nazi villains in a radio series written by George Mikes, Lord W. was distinctly not amused. "If looks could kill, I would have been dead on the spot," the Hungarian humorist recalled in his recent autobiography. "I had no idea that my host was not proud of, and amused by, his rise in the world and that he tried to conceal the fact — or, at least, hated to be reminded of it — that he was not the twelfth Lord Weidenfeld."

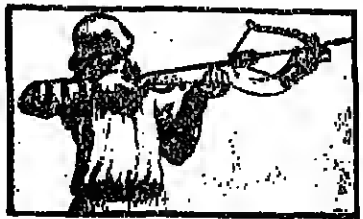
One of His Lordship's fellow-directors told me some time ago, *my gaff* as they say, that "this would be a marvellous business if it weren't for the bloody authors," a sentiment returned a hundredfold by the scribblers themselves. "I demand slavish obedience from my publishers," H.G. Wells told the young Fredric Warburg. "They are, after all, merely men of commerce, honest for the most part, greedy as a matter of course, but wholly unfitted to pick and choose among masterpieces." I expect that this ranked with the publisher of the Secker & Warburg imprint for when he wrote his autobiography many years later he called it *An Occupation For Gentlemen*.

THEY WEREN'T always gentlemen, however: when the Oxford University Press recently celebrated its 500th anniversary, the publicity campaign rather played down the fact that in 1755 Dr. William Delaune, the vice chancellor, was discovered to have embezzled over £2,000, the proceedings of the sale of the first two editions of Clarendon's *History of the Great Rebellion*. Believe it or not, as the lamented Mr. Ripley used to say, they promptly appointed him Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, of all things, to enable him to pay back the money.

This was not, of course, the last recorded instance of publishing kugic. A modern example was afforded by the Egyptian publisher of Forster's *Alexandria*, who wrote in 1922 to tell him that the entire stock had been destroyed in a warehouse fire and enclosed a cheque to offset the lost royalties. Some time later, Forster heard from them again. The books had turned up in the cellar where they had escaped the flames. But because of the now embarrassing insurance situation the publishers had taken the only way out. They themselves had burned the books.

At least the Egyptians met their obligations to the author, unlike the Syrians, who pirated a British publisher's book this year and sold it at a higher price than the original. After hearing that even *Winnie the Pooh* had been pirated, the British Publishers Association resolved to

campaign vigorously against these knavish tricks and even adopted a battle hymn. For Those in Peril on the P.



PIRACY is one thing and wholesale homicide is quite another. Printers and endless authors also present a serious threat to profitable publishing. Four years ago, Longman's had to withdraw a chemistry textbook containing an error that would "produce an extremely violent reaction," while Sphere recently bucked out of a deal to publish Norman Sirk's *The Furman Book* in Britain, after discovering that his do-it-yourself mouthwash was a cumulative poison, his mascara would damage the eyes, and his toothpaste would strip the enamel off the teeth.

I can't help feeling a sneaking sympathy for publishers who only too often have to deal with authors who are winking disaster areas. Everybody has heard of T.E. Lawrence losing the manuscript of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, but John Murray's experiences with J. Mordant Crook's *William Burges and the High Victorian Dream* make it seem a trifling matter. This art history has been somewhat delayed because the original author committed suicide, while Crook had one chapter stolen from his car, lost another in Regent's Park, and had his card index nicked by a burglar. Then, to top it all, while Crook was in Italy, one of the publisher's production staff left all the illustrations on a tube train at Cockfosters.

What a refreshing contrast, then, to learn of the resourcefulness and devotion to duty of a few conscientious hacks. When Conan Doyle's *The War in South Africa* was published, the Norwegian edition was due to close for press but the translation of the foreword was stuck with a Mme. Brockman, who was marooned 100 miles up-country after a heavy snowfall that had blocked the passes. In the end, the translator had to transmit from snowpeak to snowpeak by heliograph, and it reached Christiana on time.

"Then you mean to say, my dear Holmes, that it was all done by mirrors?" "Precisely."

DESPERATELY trying to keep in the black despite the hazards presented by piracy, poison and procrastination, it is little wonder that some publishers become excessively cost-conscious. Sir Stanley Unwin was famous for his parsimony but he was no match for Joseph Malahy Dent, the founder of the Everyman Library, most of whose shilling volumes were by out-of-copyright authors. "The old chief was a very emotional man," said Frank Swinnerton, the author, who began his career as an office boy at Dent's. "One day, I went into his office when he was signing royalty cheques, and the tears were running down his cheeks."

"We have just caught a man reading a book," Max Lincoln Shuster, the publisher, used to quip. "He is being held for observation." I tend to take these protestations with a grain of salt. Last year, for instance, Collins fired a large number of staffers amid a barrage of publicity about the firm's precarious financial situation. Nevertheless, they recently bought the Granada paperback imprint for something around £8m.

Other ways of economizing have been put forward by underpaid staff trying to avoid the axe. Shorter editions of Shakespeare (*The Drizzle* instead of *The Tempest*) have been suggested as well as condensed modern novels (*Humboldt's Thank-you Card*, for example, or *A 35mm Slide of the Artist as a Young Man*). Last year *Punch* took up the idea, inspired perhps by those two-in-one paperbacks, of collaborations between such unlikely bedfellows as Wittgenstein and Wodehouse. "There was another ring at the door," Jeeves shimmered out and came back with a telegram. "Die Welt ist alles, was der Füll ist, sir," he murmured.

Often such eminations could be bigger than the sum of their parts, if you know what I mean. Can you picture in your mind's eye the work of Edgar Allan Poe, for instance, the children's author who created the beloved Christopher Raven? Now we are Sixx? How about the Danish writer and explorer, Hans Christian Amundsen, who discovered *The Ice Maiden* and *The Snow Queen* at the South Pole?

In the Hollywood fashion, sequels are also considered by the unimaginative to be money in the bank. I don't mean originals like *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* but follow-ups such as Henry James' *The Return of the Screw* or the Hemingway-Schiller collaboration *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, a tense action drama of the Swiss National Liberation Front. Tell, who had an arrow escape from Austrian balliff Gessler after being forced to use his son, Ingrid, as a target, has been compared with the British Resistance hero Vidal Sassoon, whose hair-raising exploits figure in a sure-fire bestseller, to be published shortly, *We Shall Overcome*.

THE ODD THING is that there also seems to be a market for less popular titles. One dealer, Peter Miller, specialises in these barren leaves and at last year's York Book Fair appealed to fellow dealers for works of "unutterable dullness or in the worst possible taste."

He reported a good turnover in such books as *Jokes Cracked by Lord Aberdeen*, a catalogue of stockpicks in Liverpool's Royal Liver Building, and a 1946 edition of the "lusty, red-blooded comic, *Breezy Stories*," which illustrated the art of love with a picture of Ronald Reagan kissing an actress.

I would like to recommend to Mr. Miller a book that featured in a whole-page ad in the trade press last year: *Jeau was a Leo* by Frank Jakubowski, "a book that proves the time of Jesus Christ's birth." Was Pope Leo XIII a Leo? Was MGM's Leo a Leo? The possibilities for a series are infinite.

The Frankfurt Book Fair always produces a crop of genuine but unbelievable titles. Last year they included *100 Years of British Rail Catering*. The previous year's crop featured that all-time favourite, *Scurvy: Past and Present*, and the memorable (well, an elephant never forgets) *Interpretation of Geological*

Time from the Evidence of Fossilized Elephant Droppings in Eastern Europe. Oh, and I nearly forgot, *Short Term Visual Information Forgetting*.

New York Magazine's competition page is fond of giving pretentious versions of well-known titles, such as James Fenimore Cooper's *The Last of the Upper Hudson Valley Branch of the Algonquin Indian Confederacy*, or Tolstoy's *War and Negotiated Settlement* — the sort of thing that disfigures many a Ph.D. thesis.

These suffocating genteelisms, no matter how cleverly concocted, are eclipsed by the real thing. The leaden hand is seen at its heaviest in the publications of Her Majesty's Stationery Office and it's well worth visiting the main outlet in High Holborn to be able to browse among such bestsellers as *Safety in Lambies* and to admire masterpieces of compression such as *Operation and Management of Small Sewage Works*. I cannot adequately describe the sheer intoxication of unexpectedly coming across *Effluents of Small Doses of Alcohol on a Skill Resembling Driving*.

FRANK DELANEY, the Irish author who produces BBC-TV's "Bookshelf," recently recalled Jack Murray's advice to an author: "Your work is like a diamond, better when cut." Frank added, "or, if an Irish author, half-cut."

He may have had in mind a classic bit of repartee between Brendan Behan and Patrick Campbell's mother, the dignified Lady Glenavy. That I believe deserves a place in the next edition of *The Oxford Book of Literary Anecdotes*. As she was sitting sedately in her dimly lit room in Grosvenor Street, Dublin, Behan wrenched the door open and loudly and boozily complained, "I'm f—ing well fed up with your f—ing son, Lady Glenavy. He's been going round all the f—ing pubs in f—ing London saying I'm no f—ing good as a writer; he says I'm just a f—ing playboy."

As the sophisticated author paused for breath, Lady Glenavy stirred and looked at him deliberately through her lorgnette. "And f— you, too, Mr. Behan," she said.

The sozzled scribe wailed, "Sorry, your Ladyship," he said, touching his forehead, and staggered off — changed, utterly changed — in the general direction of McEld's pub.



THAT DISPOSES of the half-cut. As for the cutting, Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*, which we recently saw on TV, had 100,000 words trimmed off it by T.R. Smith, his editor at Boni and Liveright, while Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel* was pruned to a fraction of its original length by Maxwell Perkins at Scribners.

The trouble, as every editor knows to his cost, is that the hacks simply cannot learn to write in length. Tom Hopkinson, the former editor of *Picture Post*, provided a startling example of this inability last year when he published his autobiography. I can only assume that the writer and the editor in him were hopelessly deadlocked for he ended abruptly with the statement: "I have already overrun the amount of words allotted to this book." □

THE IMPACT of Lyndon Baines Johnson's forceful personality on the character of American and world affairs during the mid-twentieth century remains unquestioned. It led Robert Caro to conduct an intensive 3-volume study of the 36th president of the United States. Volume 1 of the study, *The Path to Power*, traces the formative first 32 years of Lyndon Johnson, Caro returned to Johnson City, Texas, LBJ's hometown, and lived there for three years, gleaning and piecing together the little-known facts and anecdotes about LBJ into a massive 750-page biography of Lyndon Johnson as a young man.

Johnson died at the age of 64, 10 years ago, when there were still many intimates of his living in Texas, Washington and elsewhere. They enabled Caro to penetrate the myths surrounding a man who would later be elected to the presidency in what Theodore H. White has described as the greatest electoral victory in the history of democracy, only to be haunted out of power with claims of "Hey, hey LBJ, how many kids did you kill today?"

Caro seeks to find out what made this man tick; each aspect of his life is carefully researched and reported. Essentially, he writes a psycho-history without any need to refer to psychology or to make psychoanalytic pronouncements concerning LBJ. The pattern in Johnson's life is clear enough: the intense ambition for power and greed determine every move he made from the time he was 12-years-old. LBJ always had the notion that ambition must submerge all other drives.

CARO PLACES in context some important aspects of Johnson's family history. He was the son of a politician, Samuel Johnson, populist state senator in Texas, yet his father was beholden to no special interests, a factor which would help

Greedy chutzpah



THE YEARS OF LYNDON JOHNSON: *The Path to Power* by Robert A. Caro, New York, Knopf, 750 pp. \$19.95.

David S. Bedein

cause his bankruptcy when Johnson was only 13. LBJ grew up with a determination not to be like his father. He would not spend his last 15 years in ridicule and poverty as his father did, despite Samuel Johnson's dedication to principle.

"If you do everything, you will win," became LBJ's slogan in politics, and everything included not making his father's mistake. LBJ sold himself at an early age to great financial interests in Texas, the most prominent of which would prove to be the great construction firm of Brown and Root, who would be awarded a first hydroelectric dam in LBJ's congressional district in 1937 after underwriting the cost of his first campaign that year in a special congressional election. Brown and Root would become the

beneficiaries of the great naval base in Corpus Christi, Texas after spearheading Johnson's efforts to elect a Democratic congress in 1940, when Johnson would singlehandedly organize and finance the critical backing which Democratic congressmen needed to be elected that year. From then on, Johnson bought his way into the national political arena of the United States.

PERHAPS THE most amazing finding of Caro's biography was the fact that Johnson outsmarted and manipulated, and was not even loyal to, the two great American leaders whom he advertised as his mentors: Franklin Roosevelt and Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn. Johnson outwitted Rayburn to be recognized by the president as his man in Texas. With the president himself, he spoke with one tongue in Washington, and with another in his home state of Texas, when he aligned himself with FDR's greatest enemies in the state.

More damage is done to the LBJ legislative legend with Caro's

finding that he authored no piece of legislation while in the House of Representatives. LBJ made his six-foot presence known, but not in legislation. He did so in representing the interests of his district, and in representing all of Texas in making the federal bureaucracy work for the Texas frontier. Through Brown and Root, he brought electricity to the most rural of legislative districts in his first year in Congress, and constituents named their sons for him in the coming years when he stood for re-election with no opposition. In the words of an FDR advisor, a constituency never had a representative like Lyndon Baines Johnson, who knew, better than anyone else, how to implement the New Deal although he did not believe in the New Deal. Ambition was to submerge his true beliefs while his penchant for secrecy caused him to conceal them.

JOHNSON NOT only wished to conceal his past: he wished to rewrite it. He excised any critical oral histories of himself as a young man from the Johnson library and archives, and went so far as to eliminate materials in his college library which ridiculed the college student known as "Bill Johnson" (short for hush!). In his passion for secrecy, he conducted an impertinent affair for two years with the mistress of one of his greatest financial backers — the backer never knew about it.

Caro brings out the best and worst aspects of representative democracy in the personage of the young Lyndon Johnson. The best, I have already touched upon; Johnson made a complex bureaucratic system go to work in distant and neglected constituency through constant cajoling, bargaining, hounding, and consistent lobbying efforts.

The import for the Israeli democratic system is clear: the word *constituency* does not even op-

pear in the Hebrew language nor in Israeli political parlance; certainly it doesn't function as a real concept on the representative level.

THE WORST aspect of representative democracy is well-covered by Caro. Johnson established the precedent of transforming modern electoral politics into a marketplace for the highest corporate bidder. Aligning himself with a wealthy contractor, Brown and Root, whom he would help amass even greater wealth, LBJ placed himself in the pivotal position to determine whether his mentor Rayburn would remain as the Democratic Speaker after the 1940 elections.

For the rest of Johnson's career, LBJ would remain indebted to two constituencies: his own, and the rising Texas building and oil interests which would pave the way for his national power base. Brown and Root would become also one of the greatest beneficiaries of defence contracts awarded during the Vietnam War. I await further volumes of Caro's masterpiece in order to understand the extent to which corporate interests like Brown and Root may have influenced vital decisions during the course of the Vietnam conflict and LBJ's later presidency.

The New York Times Magazine of February 28, 1983 reports that, according to Johnson library documents, Johnson was only trying to preserve the Great Society programmes of social improvement when he gradually escalated the Vietnam war. It will be interesting to compare Caro's findings in future volumes with the "official" documents of the Johnson library. (It will be recalled that the "credibility gap" became widely discussed during the Johnson presidency.)

This book is very worth reading, both to understand our leaders and ourselves in the mid-twentieth century. I eagerly await the next two volumes. □

Possible meanings

MAPPING TRANSLATION EQUIVALENCE by Aryeh Newman. Constructive Analysis Series, No.8 Acco (Academic Publishing Company), Tienstraat 134-136, B-3000, Leuven, Belgium. 142 pp. \$265.

Bernard Spolski

ANYONE who reads Freud in English misunderstands him completely, argues Bruno Bettelheim in a recent *New Yorker* article, because of the faulty translation of key terms in his works.

The Rabbis of the Talmud were also unhappy with translation; when the Torah was translated into Greek, they report, darkness descended on the earth for three days. The eighth of Tevet was therefore made a fast day to mark the translation of the Septuagint.

The trouble with translation is not, as some argue, that it is impossible; it is rather that, because it depends on interpretation, it can easily mislead. While the original text contains a whole range of possible meanings, a translator is forced to select one of these and attempt to render it into the target language.

The translation itself then has its own range of possible meanings, many of which were not present in

the original. Even if a translation manages to capture one or more interpretations accurately, the fact that it obscures others that were present in the original, and that it gives rise to a new set of interpretations, lends support to the claim that translations lie.

One can see why the translation of sacred texts is the most challenging of all. Generations of study have given special status to all possible interpretations.

Dr. Newman's goal is to develop and present a scientific framework that will account for the problems faced by the practical translator trying to produce a text that is faithful and equivalent to the original. He tries to show the nature and complexity of the choices a translator faces, and to analyze the implications of each choice.

Using the theories and techniques of contemporary linguistics, a field of which he has an excellent grasp, Newman explains the additional complications that arise when a translation becomes "its" source for new translations, as happened to the Septuagint and the King James Bible.

The linguistic framework he uses provides a way of looking at the different levels involved. As an example, Newman analyzes the various possible translations of the Hebrew

greeting *shalom* into English. No one word is absolutely equivalent.

If one is concerned with equivalence in sound, *hello*, *farewell*, and *good-bye* all have the two syllables that may be wanted for rhythm.

On the grammatical level, *hello*, *farewell*, *hail*, and *peace* are all one word, while other translations like *good morning* or *how d'ye do* are two or more.

As to semantics *shalom* is neutral as to time of day, while *good morning*, *good afternoon* and *good night* have specific time reference, and it is neutral as to whether the person being greeted is coming or going, and does not make a distinction between *hello* and *goodbye*.

Finally, *shalom* can be used when speaking to anyone, while in English one must choose among the familiar (*hello*, *bye-bye*), the neutral (*good morning*), the formal (*how d'ye do*), the literary (*hail*, *farewell*) and the oracular (*peace*). With so many complications in a greeting, one can readily imagine how hard it is to find equivalence in longer passages. Newman's model helps to clarify the process for us.

In the monograph, Newman draws most of his examples from Bible translation, thus highlighting the important relation between interpretation and translation. He shows that the translator's options are not only linguistic but ideological as well, with an extra option provided for those translators who are prepared to amend the text. □

Going to extremes

REFLEXOLOGY: *Techniques of Foot Massage for Health and Fitness* by Anna Kaye and Oon C. Malchan. Wollingborough Thorsons Publishers, 148 pp. £3.95.

HAND REFLEXOLOGY: *Key to Perfect Health* by Mildred Carter. New York, Parker Publishing Co. 257 pp. \$9.50.

D'vora Ben Shaul

REFLEXOLOGY IS a sister science, and outgrowth, of acupuncture and of Shiatsu acupressure techniques. The basic assumption is that every organ in the body has a nerve ending or reflex point in the extremities. Pressure, the reflexologists say, on these reflex points will relieve pain and stimulate the function of these organs.

In fact, there's a treatment for almost everything from alcoholism to obesity, from headache to haemorrhoids, in the reflexologists' lexicon.

Anna Kay, the principal source of the book on foot reflexology, is a 72-year-old psychoanalyst, and has worked for more than 30 years in the field of Shiatsu and reflexology. In the book on hand reflexology, Mildred Carter gives direct treat-

ments for most common ailments; and there is indeed little difference between the two techniques, the hand and foot being almost duplicate extremities. However, as she points out, if you want to stop a headache, relieve a backache or treat your hemorrhoids publicly, then it's not always acceptable to take off your shoes and start massaging your feet. The rubbing or pressing of a point on the hand is not even noticed by most people, and if it is it's not considered very unusual.

PRACTISE FOR at least 5,000 years in the East, reflexology is not a stranger in Israel. For the last decade, at least, reflexologists have been paying regular visits to kibbutzim and moshavim in the Jordan valley and Galilee. Thousands of people have been treated by them, and many are firm adherents of this do-it-yourself system of pain relief and physical fitness.

This hand and foot system has a bit of advice for sufferers from herpes. Run your fingers up along the bones of the outside of the leg, just above ankle, press gently. You will, they say, find a tender area. Massage this gently at regular intervals. They don't promise a cure but guarantee that it relieves the symptoms. □

FIGHTING HAD barely died down between Israel and her Arab neighbours to years ago, during the Six-Day War, when commanding officers on the various fronts posted a proclamation in Hebrew and Arabic which stated in its first article: "The Israeli Defence Forces have today entered this area and assumed responsibility for security and maintenance of public order."

Since then the system of orders, rules and regulations which has grown up around Israel's administration of the territories has developed into a large and, to an outsider, confusing body of law.

Political considerations aside, the orders and proclamations of the military commanders of the region, and the judgements of the military courts and of Israel's High Court of Justice in Jerusalem on the subject, have made a major contribution to that section of international law which deals with belligerent occupation.

THIS IS the subject of a major and impressive study in English by the Hebrew University Faculty of Law and its Institute for Legislative Research and Comparative Law. Edited by Justice Meir Shamgar, an acknowledged international expert on military law, a former Judge Advocate-General of the IDF, and Attorney-General to the government, the first volume of this study is an expository of well-researched studies of some basic fields of legal and administrative activity in the territories.

Some of the studies are of immediate importance and relevance. For instance Shamgar's own essay, "Legal Concepts and Problems of the Israeli Military Government — the Initial Stage," which is an essential and reliable foundation for understanding the complex structure which developed later; Jerusalem District Judge Eli Nathan's examination of "The Power of Supervision of the High Court of Justice over the Military Government"; and Dr. Zvi Hadari's examination of "The Military Courts."

Professor Theodore Meron has also written an instructive and useful analysis of the highly complex subject of the "Applicability of Multilateral Conventions to Oc-

Chains of justice



MILITARY GOVERNMENT IN THE TERRITORIES ADMINISTERED BY ISRAEL 1967-1980 Volume 1. Ed. Meir Shamgar. Hebrew University, Jerusalem — Faculty of Law, The Henry Shchar Institute for Legislative Research and Comparative Law. No price stated.

JUSTICE UNDER OCCUPATION: THE ISRAELI SUPREME COURT VERSUS THE MILITARY ADMINISTRATION IN THE OCCUPIED TERRITORIES by Moshe Negbi. Jerusalem, Cnns, 160pp. IS120.

David Richardson

occupied Territories," such as the Geneva Conventions which are constantly invoked when the occupied territories are discussed.

Other essays are of more historical or esoteric interest, such as "Ramat Haganol 1918-1967" and "The Religious Courts in the Administered Territories," both by Dr. Ya'akov Meron.

THE MAJOR and most disappointing omission from the compendium is a reliable study of the vexed question of land ownership and Jewish settlement in the territories. Shamgar does point out in his

ANY DISCUSSION of the territories is inevitably faced with politics and political perceptions. The contributors to this volume have made a genuine attempt to maintain an academic and detached posture but it is clear that for some readers their efforts will either smack of apologetics and evasiveness or indicate a lack of suitable commitment to religious and national values.

Whatever one's perceptions of the reality and relevance of the legal aspects of Israel's presence in these territories, this study by a welcome and essential tool for any professional interested in the area.

Shamgar is uniquely placed to take an over-view of the development of Israeli military law in the territories. As Moshe Negbi has pointed out in his more popular study of the subject, *Justice Under Occupation*, which unfortunately is only available in Hebrew, it was Shamgar in his joint capacity as Judge Advocate-General of the IDF, and legal advisor to the Defence Ministry, who established the early pattern of Israeli justice in the territories occupied in 1967. "The cumulative weight of these two offices and especially the dominant personality of the man who filled them and his exceptional familiarity with the laws of war made him the final arbiter on questions of the status and rights of the military government in the occupied territories."

Negbi, a news editor and legal commentator on Kol Yisrael, notes that a judgement by the local (Arab or Jordanian) Appeal Court in Ramallah which ruled that the military administration in the territories has absolute immunity from judicial review of its actions and orders is in line with much expert opinion on international law.

It was Shamgar who, early on, established the principle that state attorneys appearing for the military government would not challenge the supervision and review of the High Court of Justice in Jerusalem. Since 1967 this principle has guided all government lawyers, even though justices of the court itself have expressed their doubts in earlier remarks whether they would continue to do so if the government

were to change its mind, and no longer acquiesce to judicial scrutiny.

NEGBI MASTERFULLY avoids the trap of writing in a boring and over-technical fashion, though this is the natural inclination of most experts writing in their field, or of being unnecessarily over-dramatic at the expense of accuracy and the need to inform.

His 160-odd-page study of the relations between the population of the West Bank and Gaza, the military government and the High Court of Justice, is not only the first attempt to sum up the dramatic and significant confrontations in the Number One courtroom in the old building in the Russian Compound, but in itself appears to mark the end of a period.

In the best tradition of legal journalism, Negbi recounts the tense sessions in the courtroom, the surprise moves behind the scenes, the political background, and ably presents the legal arguments of the lawyers who appeared for the petitioners — some representing the state, others villagers from outlying areas in the West Bank. But since these dramatic decisions on the government's settlement policy, there has been a noticeable decline in the number of petitions from legal Palestinians to the court.

Following the government's defeat in the Eilon Moreh case, state lawyers discovered the legal "trick" of tracing "state-owned lands" in the territories which could, albeit temporarily, be used for Jewish settlement according to some legal opinion. A possible method of beating the military government through its own penchant for legality failed; that failure seems to mark another stage in the increasing despair that seems to characterize the general attitude on the West Bank.

Negbi's book is a useful and exciting study of the subject. It includes chapters on cases dealing with expulsions, economics and press freedom in the territories. He concludes that the "chains of justice" (the Hebrew title of the book) that the court imposed on the military administration have maintained the essential morality of the Zionist enterprise in this country. □

Caribbean colony

THE JEWISH NATION IN SURINAM, *Historical Essays* edited by Robert Cohen. Amsterdam, S. Emmening, 103 pp. No price stated.

Geoffrey Wigoder

The Dutch were competing in attracting Jews to their Caribbean colonies because of their contributions to international trade. When Surinam was eventually ceded to the Dutch in 1667 (in exchange for what would become New York), the English wanted to take the Jews to Jamaica, but the Dutch insisted that they remain.

Many of the Jews in Surinam were sugar planters and they were granted a healthy area in the backwoods. At first this was sheer jungle but they set about cultivating it diligently. This new region was called Joden Savanne (The Jews' Savanna), the name it bears to this day. It was at the time the only autonomous Jewish region in the

world. Its capital, Jerusalem-by-the-Riverside, was three hours' rowing time up the Surinam river from Paramaribo and was surrounded by plantations with biblical names, such as Carmel, Hebron, Moriah, Goshen and Sukkot.

The Jewish courts of justice were recognized by the Dutch authorities, provided no verdict imposed a fine exceeding 10,000 lbs. of sugar. The Jews maintained their own militia and served in the Dutch defence corps: one company was made up entirely of Jewish soldiers with a Jewish commanding officer.

When Surinam was attacked by the French in 1689, the Jews fought gallantly alongside the Dutch. For one year, the defence of the colony was almost entirely in Jewish hands. The national guard, under its Jewish commander, was in effect the only efficient power in Surinam.

THE POPULATION of Surinam consisted of about 4,000 whites and 50,000 blacks, of whom the majority were slaves, often on sugar plantations owned by Jews.

The slaves frequently attempted revolts, which were put down by Jewish frontier rangers and militiamen. However, the slave risings were never really subdued and many Jews left the Joden Savanne and moved to Paramaribo on the coast, where they became a middle-class community of shop-keepers, professionals, merchant shippers and peddlers.

Many of them were cultured and in 1785 they founded a Jewish Literary Association which established a people's university, offering a wide range of adult education courses.

Anti-Jewish discrimination, which developed, included a prohibition on Jews visiting the theatre; and so they opened a theatre of their own, reputedly of a high standard.

Jews accounted for half the city's white population and owned over 100 plantations. In addition to sugar, they grew coffee, cocoa and cotton.

Their two synagogues still survive today as does the old synagogue in the Joden Savanne, standing now in the middle of jungle. A number of years ago the latter was repaired and reconstructed by a group of volunteers, descendants of the

original settlers. Hundreds of graves in the nearby cemetery were cleared of the overgrowth, mopped and marked during World War II — by Nazi prisoners of war.

An absorbing history of the Jews of Surinam up to the late 18th century was written in 1789 by one of the community's most distinguished leaders, David de Isaac Cohen Naasay. It still remains the main source on the colony's history and was translated into English as recently as 1974, with a useful introduction by the American Jewish historian Jacob Rader Marcus.

This new volume, *The Jewish Nation in Surinam* (the "Jewish Nation" is how the Portuguese Jews referred to themselves), edited by Robert Cohen of Haifa University, is a collection of specialized studies on such topics as "Jewish Jurators in Surinam," an essay on David de Isaac Cohen Naasay and "Patterns of Marriage and Remittance among the Sephardi Jews of Surinam, 1788-1918." They will be of interest to experts studying these subjects — and they whet the appetite for the much-needed history by a modern historian of the Jews of Surinam and, indeed, of the Jews of the Caribbean in general. □

"A BROKEN CUP," say two of the characters in this modernistic novel, "you can glue the pieces together, but the cracks will still be there."

Strangers' voices muffled inside me as I read. I didn't listen, I argued. Typically Israeli. I've been here long enough. "You don't feel at home here?" "Who does?" "Only the people who don't know any better." "I don't feel at home back home either." "Why do people make life so hard for each other here?" "Not hard, interesting." "No, hard." Then this novel, Orpaz writes:

"It isn't difficult in this country, even if you're a cultivated individual and come from a land where the sun sets slowly, to get dragged into absurd situations, to insult your benefactors, and kill what's closest of all to you, because you value and respect it so much."

By the time you figure out what's going on and who everybody is, you're half way through, and you know you should reread the beginning. But if you reread the beginning, you'll never finish it. And if you don't finish it, you'll never find out what happened, either at the beginning or the end. Not that it's ever very clear. I'm left with the feeling that I owe this book another reading, but I think I would have that feeling after the second reading too.

Constant surprises. You can

Chaotic substance

HAGYIRA (The Mistress), by Yitzhak Averbach Orpaz. Tel Aviv, Siman Kriah. Hakibbutz Hameuchad. 223 pp. No price stated.

Jeffrey M. Green

never tell what's coming in the next sentence, let alone the next paragraph.

IN AMERICA everything I saw and touched was printed in bright colours on glossy paper, advertisements for happiness. If I looked that surface, my finger would rip right through into emptiness. Here in Israel I know that there is substance beneath the surface. But the substance is a chaos of uncontrolled emotions and obsessions. "Normal" life here is the thinnest of films stretched tightly over pain and confusion. Yitzhak Orpaz writes from beneath that surface.

Shraga, a toothless madman who plants trees, descends upon Lizzie Shernitzky Orpaz and demands payment of a debt incurred by his grandfather. Shraga claims that his father, Lizzie's greatuncle, gave him his money to the cause of Zionism, on the condition that if the Zionist

enterprise did not "go well," he would get his money back. Lizzie is obsessed by that debt. Maybe he can prove that the Zionist enterprise has gone well. Except nothing in his personal life or the fabric of the social world around him would seem to support that view. From the first page of the novel, when Shraga cuts down Lizzie's favourite tree in the courtyard of his Tel Aviv apartment building, until the last page, violence is continually done to his life, which degenerates further and further until he loses all control over it.

"It took him some time to understand, seeing his wife's real tears, that he simply had to be himself; but that was just the thing that was hardest for him of all. Maybe he should talk Yiddish."

Lizzie has plenty of obsessions: trees, goddesses, his mother (whose ghost haunts him, reproaching him for leaving her behind to die in Europe), the words spoken to him when he was sworn into his youth movement by Shraga, important words that he could not, somehow, hear or remember.

Orpaz tells Lizzie's story in defiance of chronological order, flouting the *post hoc ergo propter hoc*

assumption underlying most novels, that if two events follow each other in time, the latter was caused by the former. Events and actions in this book are provoked by obscure, violent energies. "Angels" on black motorcycles punish deviants, although they cannot reach Athalia, the goddess of the extreme left whose enigmatic presence tinges the entire novel.

THIS BOOK arouses the voices inside me: "You want to get away don't you?" "Away from what?" "From the burden of living in this country." "What burden?" "The pain." The pain in everyone's past. The pain of separation — bereavement, loss of landscape, loss of culture, loss of faith — combined with the pain of disillusion. "Is this the place you chose to live in?" The dead still outnumber the living in Israel. The loss still outweighs the gain.

The moment they entered this country, many of the people who live here today lost the very thing that made them Jews, and they never found anything else in its stead. Lizzie Orpaz wants it back. "You walk in the city, and you say, thank you, God. Thank you for throwing me into this weird city, one that I don't recognize and I didn't dream up, and that I wasn't, and that's the main point, that I wasn't born here, and that way,

nothing, every day I say a blessing and thanks. Today, today it'll happen. Today I'll be accepted. That is, this city will open up its heart, excuse the expression. It won't, of course not, because. Oh, sorry if it did. But, thank God, it won't happen, of course. Because what if the city is some female who'll spread her legs, sorry... I got carried away."

AFTER ITS grotesque and bitter fashion, this is a funny book. Orpaz quotes Rabbi Nachman: "A glib person who believes everything is good, because if he believes nonsense, he'll also believe what you're supposed to believe. And a person who doesn't believe, perish the thought, makes his whole life into a joke."

The Mistress is part of a projected series of novels, each one of which is meant to stand on its own. The first, *Bayit le-adom echad* (A House for a Single Person) was published in 1975. The third, *Ha-elen* (The Lad) will be published soon. Orpaz writing is demanding, and his vision is far from comforting. I resisted this novel page by page, repulsed by it, fascinated by it, drawn into it, confused by it. Shraga's promissory note isn't only addressed to Lizzie Orpaz. If this book is a verdict, we will all have to pay up. I prefer to take it as a warning. That's Orpaz' challenge.

THE ASSORTED Bashevis Singer controversies — Is he really a "Jewish" writer? Isn't his writing oversexed? Why does he write so much? Why in "dying" Yiddish? — lower like demons over his publications.

However, the ageing wizard of Manhattan's Upper West Side, from the opening lines of his latest book, still wields full power to banish simps and imps: "In the time when the famous Cabbalist Rabbi Leib served as rabbi in the old city of Prague, the Jews suffered persecution." It is, of course, his version of the legend of the *golem*, the Jewish genie who serves and saves the Jews of Prague. It is a rendering that fully justifies Singer's repeated claim, that,

The power of love

THE GOLEM by Isaac Bashevis Singer with illustrations by Uri Shulevitz. London, Andre Deutsch. 88 pp. £4.95.

Haim Chertok

whatever else he is, first of all he is a tale-teller with a primary obligation to entertain his reader. Embarked upon *The Golem*, you will read right through the hourly news report to its Hawthornesque conclusion.

Compared to L.L. Peretz's much briefer account of the *golem*,

Singer's seems almost a testament of faith in the power of love. In Peretz, the story serves as a parable of the loss of ancient power and wisdom. The *golem* is virtually forgotten, and the Holy Name by which he might be recalled to potency is no longer known. In contrast, Singer's *golem* inspires the love of a Jewish maiden and (like Gogol's Akaky Akayevich) after his death is occasionally still seen at odd times performing erratic deeds. "Who knows? Perhaps love has even more power than a Holy Name. Love once engraved in the

heart can never be erased. It lives forever." Singer's readers will readily respond to the characteristic echoes of the book's closing words.

GENERALLY FOR ME, illustrations play at best a supporting role, but Uri Shulevitz is a star who deserves full billing. His ten grey-toned, full-page drawings of Prague, its Jews, and the ingenious giant *golem* are simply superb. This elegant, small edition is a companion to the Singer-Shulevitz account of *The Fools of Chelm* a decade ago. My only caution is to gift-buyers for small children. Bedazzled by Shulevitz's illustrations, they might think it an appropriate book for youngsters under nine or ten. My five-year old won't

sit still for *The Fools of Chelm*, and *The Golem*, while a direct enough narrative, contains in its opening pages words like "intolerant," "erudite," "diligent," and "sanctified." (Singer himself, by the way, did the translation.)

In an interview with Harold Rihlow some years ago in *Midstream*, Singer commented that his elder brother, I.J. Singer, taught him that the most important thing for a writer was to tell as many stories as possible and to talk about them as little as possible. Now nearly 80, his Nobel Prize as much a lightning rod for detractors as a talisman of achievement, Singer shows little sign of slackening. We are all the winners.

Around the house



Similarly, there is no clear-cut advice on what to do if you want to take your vacation on certain dates and you help wants time off at a different period. Officially, domestic employees may choose their annual leave "with the agreement of the employer," and this is supposed to be negotiated amicably. Harpanis told me. If a dispute cannot be solved smoothly, the parties can apply for arbitration assistance to their local labour council.

Some employers may imagine they can solve the problem of a long vacation by formally dismissing the employee, paying severance pay, and rehiring her when they return home. But unless you are closing up your household for longer than three months, this is not worthwhile. For such a solution to have legal force, Uziel explained, there must be a gap of at least three months between the time the employee stops working and gets severance pay and the time she is rehired.

THERE ARE several circumstances in which a domestic worker is entitled to severance pay upon leaving the job. For an employee paid on a daily basis, this is calculated as two weeks' current wages per year of employment. If paid on a monthly basis (even if the job is part-time), an employee gets a full month's wages per year of employment. If, as often happens, employer and employee cannot agree on exactly when the employment began, the labour council can help uncover the date by asking each party to recall what family events took place at the time. "It was just before Yossi's bar mitzvah," "just after Irit was born!"

Severance pay is due to employees in the following circumstances: a woman retiring from work at age 60, or a man at age 65; a working woman marrying and moving 40 kms. or more away; illness of a close relative (husband, child or parent) and a doctor's affirmation that the employee is required to care for the patient; a woman leaving after childbirth or adoption in order to care for her child; or discharge of an employee for the employer's own reason.

Only in rare cases, such as conviction of theft, may an employee be dismissed without severance pay. Obviously, if an employee leaves of his or her own free will to take a better job elsewhere, the employer is not obliged to give severance pay. An employee who retires at 60 or 65 with severance pay may be rehired by the same household on a part-time basis, but only after a gap of three months. If he or she chooses not to retire at the legal retirement age, severance pay rights take effect whenever employment ceases.

Disputes between domestic employers and employees can be brought to the labour relations courts, but are generally avoidable if citizens avail themselves of the free advisory services of the local labour councils. Uziel says her council prefers working out a compromise in going to court, because of the loss of time involved and the expense of lawyers. When her department does take a case to court, "We almost invariably win, because we only go to court when we are 99 per cent sure of the outcome."

WHAT HAPPENS if you are going to be away from home for a longer period than your help is entitled to receive as paid annual leave? If she is expected to come in and clean in your absence, there is no problem. If not, there is unfortunately no clear-cut answer as to what compensation you must give her for this enforced holiday. Uziel in Tel Aviv told me that the accepted principle is to split the difference — in other words, to pay half the wages which would normally be earned in that period. However, the Jerusalem labour council's advice is to pay the employee in full, since the time off the job is involuntary on her part.

Again, I turned to Harpanis at the Histadrut for clarification. He admitted that it is undesirable to have such differing advice in different parts of the country, but said there is no yet no uniform practice on this matter. He hoped it would be brought up in the proper forum of the Histadrut in the near future so that a uniform policy could be agreed.

PLEASE NOTE: Contrary to what appeared in last week's column, there is no duty-free allowance for returning travellers under the age of 17.

MARTHA MEISELS

WHEN I WROTE my recent column on closing up homes for the summer vacation, I wanted to include advice on what to do about paying your household help for the time you are away. Since I couldn't get a clear-cut answer at the time, I decided to take a comprehensive look at the subject of the consumer as employer.

The bulk of my information comes from Tel Aviv's Beit Brenner, the local labour council headquarters, where Rahel Uziel and two colleagues give advice on matters concerning relations between employers and employees engaged for services such as domestic or office cleaning, the care of children and the elderly, gardening and so on. Uziel, who is a member of the Labour Council executive and its coordinator for the Service Workers Union says that most disputes over domestic employment reaching the labour relations courts could be avoided if people would take the trouble to get the correct information from their local labour council.

In most cities and towns, the council has specific times for dealing with domestic queries, and you should phone your local office to find out what these are. In Tel Aviv the number is 282211 in Jerusalem, 225361.

The Tel Aviv council, on the initiative of its secretary MK Dov Ben-Meir, has just published a Hebrew pamphlet explaining the rights of domestic workers. This is available from Beit Brenner, POB 4077. It has also installed a recorded telephone message giving the main points, including wage scales. The numbers are 03-284304 and 284471.

DOMESTIC employees, even though they rarely have formal contracts, are entitled by law to the same benefits as any other workers in the economy. They are entitled to four weeks' sick leave, paid annual holiday, National Insurance benefits, and severance pay. They do not have rights to a pension fund, sick fund payments or a vacation allowance unless hired under a contract which specifically provides for one or all of these.

If you want to know the minimum wages you should pay help by the month or the hour, the labour councils will give you figures put out by the Histadrut's service workers department every two or three months as adjusted to cost-of-living rises. A new schedule was due out yesterday, June 16.

Since April 24, the set hourly rate had been IS100 for cleaning help and IS90 for child care, and the monthly rates IS15,000 and IS13,500 respectively, for persons on a full-time basis of eight hours a day and five hours on Fridays.

In practice, however, the going rate in the marketplace for cleaning help for some time has been IS150 an hour in both Tel Aviv and Jerusalem. Even the official labour exchange in Tel Aviv, which might be expected to stick to the listed rates, quoted IS150 an hour for cleaning help when I phoned anonymously last week.

What is the value of set Histadrut rates if nobody sticks to them? I put the question to Gershon Harpanis, head of the relevant Histadrut department. He admitted it was difficult to keep the official rates re-adjusted upward fast enough in keeping with market realities, but said these were meant to be minimum figures on a national basis, and pointed out that not all parts of the country have prices as high as Tel Aviv and Jerusalem.

The appropriate form can be obtained at any office of the National Insurance Institute, and after the initial registration, you will receive a firm by mail every three months. Payment, based on a percentage of wages, can be made at any bank. It is well to keep a record of when an employee began working for you, as this information will be needed

IN ADDITION to wages, a domestic employee is entitled to fare by public transport, to and from work. If, the same person comes to work in more than one apartment in the same building or one nearby on a given day, these neighbours may, by agreement, split the fare. An employer is not required to provide the employee with a meal, though it is customary to do so.

A VERY important, and often neglected, obligation is for the employer to make regular national insurance payments for anyone in his employ. It is essential to do this for your own protection, because whether you have made these payments or not, the employee can claim compensation from the National Insurance Institute in case of injury on the job or en route to or from work. He or she can also claim national insurance old-age benefits at retirement age.

Some domestic employees object to being registered with national insurance, usually for fear of being detected by the income tax authorities. It is possible to register an employee by the first name only, even though the form requests the full name, identity card number and date of birth. The obligation to register and pay lies with the employer, not the employee.

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MARKETING WITH MARTHA

when it comes to calculating severance pay.

For most domestic employees, the national insurance payment is a flat charge of 10 per cent of wages. Legally, the employer may withhold 2.5 per cent of wages as the employee's share, but in practice, the employer usually pays the entire amount. If the employee is under 18 years of age, or is receiving old age benefits, or immigrated after the age of 60, the sum payable is only 3.5 per cent of the wages. For employees who are residents of "the Territories," the amount is only 2.5 per cent.

DOMESTIC employees are entitled to a maximum of three weeks' sick leave per year — but only upon presentation of a doctor's certificate. This means that a full-time worker can take up to 18 working days as sick leave annually and a part-time employee, a period proportionate to the time employed per week.

A worker paid on a monthly basis is entitled to take off all the official religious and national holidays without any loss of pay. Domestic help paid on an hourly basis each time he or she comes to work is entitled to a paid day off only for two national holidays — Independence Day and Knesset election day — if they happen to coincide with the regular work-day.

As for annual leave, a domestic employee — along with every other worker — is guaranteed by law two weeks' paid leave during the first

four working years, and progressively more each year, up to a maximum of 24 days after 14 years on the job. From the labour councils, one can obtain a list of the exact number of extra days per year of work. When the employee works only one or two days a week, the exact vacation figure may come out with fractions of days, and this excess can be calculated in terms of money.

Should your cleaning woman wish to continue working during her annual leave, and you agree, you must pay her vacation wages, plus regular wages for these days.

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